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# weekly review

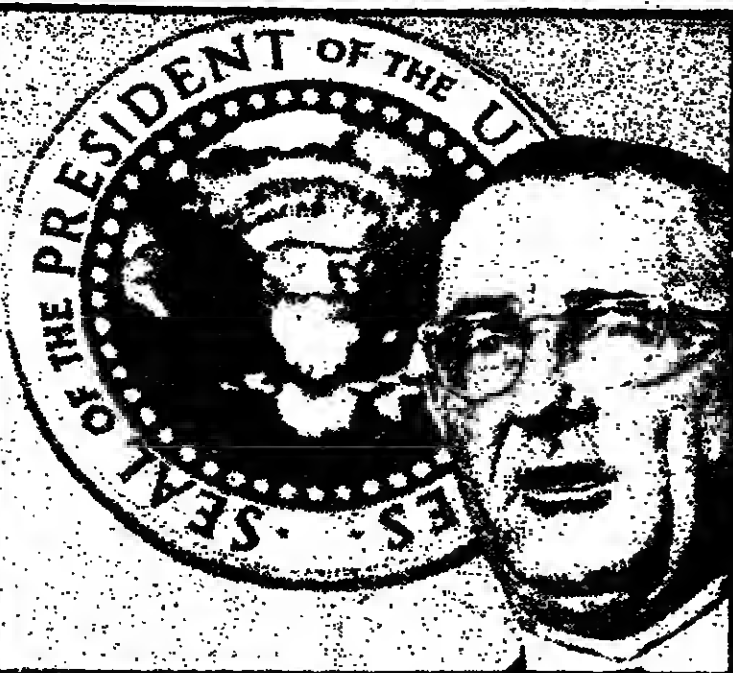
OCTOBER 31 1971

et avec  
les fraises des bois...  
CHARTREUSE

## The memoirs of

# LBJ

Part 1



# THE KENNEDYS AND ME



On board the presidential plane, hours after the assassination, LBJ is sworn into office by Judge Sarah T. Hughes. To Johnson's right and left are Lady Bird Johnson and Jacqueline Kennedy. Grouped around are (from left): Malcolm Kilduff, assistant Press secretary; Jack Volenti, Johnson's administrative assistant; Representative Albert Thomas (wearing bow tie); Representative Jack Brooks (wearing spectacles); and a secret service bodyguard (extreme right).

Starting today: Lyndon Johnson's own story of his stormy days in the White House. He begins with a deeply-felt account of the tragedy that thrust him to power—the assassination of President Kennedy

"WE'RE GOING TO CARRY two states next year if we don't carry any others: Massachusetts and Texas."

The speaker was John F. Kennedy. The time was Friday morning, November 22, 1963.

I had gone to the President's eighth-floor suite in the Hotel Texas in Fort Worth. The President's spirits were high.

That morning in Fort Worth he had already made two speeches, one to a large gathering in a parking lot across the street from the hotel made up of workers, mothers, and children. Many of them had waited in a steady drizzle for

more than an hour to hear him and to see Mrs Kennedy.

"Where's Jackie?" someone in the crowd shouted.

"Mrs Kennedy is organising herself," the President said. "It takes longer, but of course she looks better than we do when she does it." The crowd loved this, and roared its approval.

Now it was time to leave for Dallas.

I was just going out of the door when he remarked to me, cheerfully, that we would at least carry Massachusetts and Texas. They were the last words John Kennedy spoke to me. I turned and smiled at him. "Oh

we are going to do better than that, Mr President," I replied. He returned the smile and nodded.

I shared the President's optimism that morning and I shared the sense of implied partnership in the coming campaign. Reports had been circulating in Washington that I was going to be "dumped" from the ticket in 1964. In fact, the November 22 edition of *The Dallas Morning News* quoted Richard Nixon as predicting that under certain circumstances I would be "dumped." I believed these reports to be rumours and nothing more.

I served John Kennedy for three years—as a candidate and as his Vice-President. I served him loyally, as I would have wanted my Vice-President to serve me. We did not always see things in the same light. I did not always agree with everything that happened in his administration. But when I did disagree with the President, I did so in private, and man to man.

Never once in those three years did I have any reason to believe that John Kennedy looked upon me as a liability. I had every reason to believe that he intended us to go forward together.

What some people did not understand was that our relationship, which dated back to our service together in the House of Representatives, had always been one of mutual respect, admiration, and co-operation. In the fall of 1955, Senator Kennedy's father, Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, called me at my ranch. He said that he and John Kennedy wanted to support me for President and would like to work for my nomination at the 1956 Democratic Convention if I would run. I thanked him but said that I did not wish to be a candidate. As it later developed, my name was placed in nomination, but purely for reasons of local Democratic politics.

I considered President Kennedy a great and inspiring national leader and a compassionate man of vision and imagination. I was honoured to serve him. My personal feelings towards him were those of admiration, fondness, and respect—and I always believed that those feelings were returned in kind.

I remember that on many occasions, after a tiring meeting was over or when he wanted to shed his cares after a long day in the Oval Office, he would ask me to stay behind and visit with him and a few friends.

Now, in Texas on this November day, Lady Bird and I were going to have a chance to return his hospitality. That night the Kennedys were going to be our guests at the LBJ Ranch. We were eagerly looking forward to the visit. The President had visited our ranch before, but Mrs Kennedy had not. I was particularly anxious for her to enjoy herself, and knowing how she liked to ride, we had made special plans for some of our best horses to be available for her.

MRS JOHNSON AND I ARRIVED at Dallas Love Field aboard Air Force Two at 11.35 am. We were greeted by the local dignitaries and immediately joined the reception line to welcome the First Family when Air Force One touched down five minutes later.

There was a large, joyful crowd behind the fence, and when the Kennedys stepped out of the plane a great roar went up from thousands of throats. I remember thinking how radiant Mrs Kennedy looked. The skies had cleared, the air was warm and the sun bright. Her pink suit and pink hat added to the beauty of the day. Someone in the reception line added the final touch by presenting her with a bouquet of dark red roses.

Ten minutes later we took seats in the automobiles to begin the motorcade. President and Mrs Kennedy got into the big Presidential Lincoln. Governor John Connally of Texas and his wife, Nellie, were in the jump seats directly in front of them. On orders of the President, the famous "hubble top" had been removed from the car. The President wanted no barriers between himself and the people.

Closer to town the crowds grew in size as well as in spirit. In some places they were lined three and four deep along the streets. Children were smiling, waving homemade signs. Dallas was giving the President a genuinely warm welcome.

My thoughts returned to John Kennedy's earlier comment to me in the hotel. We would carry Texas. If we could get a turnout like this in Dallas, I thought, we could carry the state. Dallas has never been exactly a citadel of Democratic politics. And I knew from experience what an angry Dallas crowd could be like to an unwelcome visitor. I remember the painful incident during the 1960 Presidential campaign when Lady Bird and I were harassed and jeered in a Dallas hotel lobby. It had also been less than a month since UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson had been shoved, hooded, and spat

upon by anti-UN demonstrators in Dallas.

But Dallas put on a different face on the afternoon of November 22: a smiling, happy, festive face.

I think we were all surprised. I know I was.

A great deal has been written about the purpose of that fateful trip to Texas. Much of what has been written is wrong. President Kennedy came to Texas to raise money for the Democratic campaign coffers and to pave the way for a Democratic victory in Texas in 1964. The trip was Presidential politics, pure and simple. It was the opening effort of the 1964 campaign. And it was going beautifully.

As the crowds reached their peak on Main Street, President Kennedy stopped the motorcade several times to shake hands. Whenever he did so, people would surge through the police lines on both sides of the street—from one side to touch their President and from the other side to get a closer look at Mrs Kennedy.

Shortly before 12.30 pm the motorcade turned right on Houston Street and then a block later made a sharp left turn on Elm Street. We were travelling about ten or 15 miles per hour. Just after our car made the left turn at the top of Elm Street, I was startled by an explosion.

THERE WERE MANY reactions to the first shot. Some people thought it was a firecracker. Some thought it was a bomb. Some thought it was a truck backfiring. Some thought it might be a shot. Some were positive it was a shot.

I did not know what it was. Before the echo had subsided, before the noise had completely registered on my consciousness, Agent Youngblood spun around, shoved me on the shoulder to push me down, and shouted to all of us, "Get down!" Almost in the same movement, he vaulted over the seat, pushed me to the floor, and sat on my right shoulder to keep me down and to protect me. "Get down!" he shouted again to all of us. Agent Youngblood's quick reaction was as brave an act as I have ever seen anyone perform. When a man, without a moment's thought or hesitation, places himself between you and a possible assassin's bullet, you know you have seen courage. And you never forget it.

I still was not clear about what was happening. I was bent down under the weight of Agent Youngblood's body, toward Lady Bird and Senator Yarborough,

and I remember turning my head to make sure that they were both down. They were. Agent Youngblood had seen to that.

At some time in this sequence of events, I heard other explosions. It was impossible to tell where they were coming from, and I still was not certain what they were. Then a voice came crackling over the radio system: "Let's get out of here." Suddenly our car accelerated and we wheeled around a corner, careering over the curb—almost. It seemed to me, on two wheels. I was later told that we were travelling between 70 and 80 miles per hour.

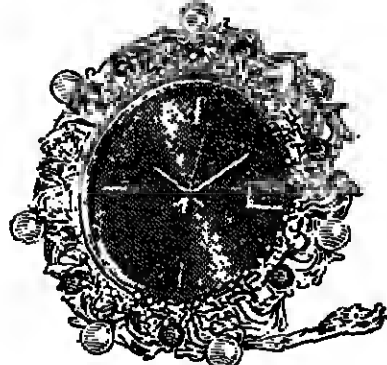
There was some frantic con-

versation coming over Youngblood's radio. I asked him what had happened. He released his weight from me but still kept me in a crouching position on the floor. He said that he was not sure but that he had heard the motorcade was headed for a hospital.

By now we were all aware that someone had been injured. But what had happened? Was it a bomb? A bullet? A firecracker exploding in front of someone's face? And who was hurt? From that first moment Rufus Youngblood had taken charge. There was a tone of authority in his voice. "When we get to the

continued on next page

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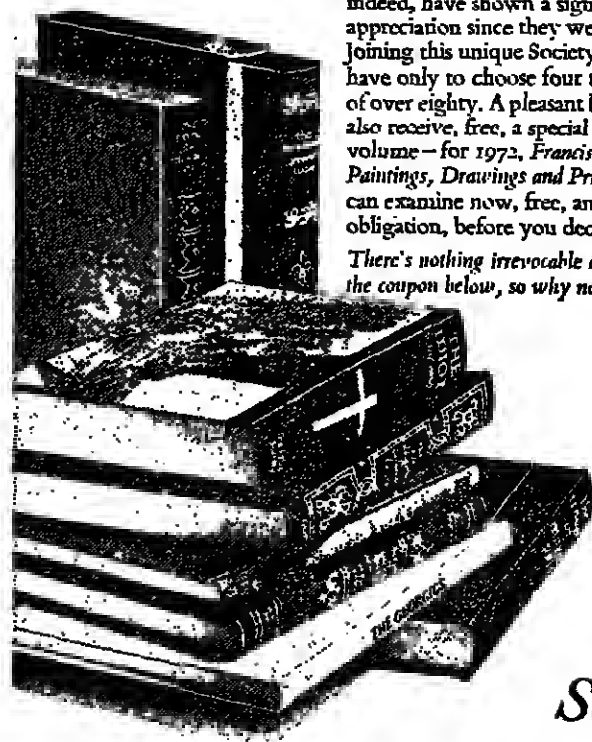
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ST3



# THE KENNEDYS AND ME

continued from preceding page

hospital," he instructed, "you and Mrs Johnson follow me and the other agents." He said that we were going in fast and we were not to become involved with any other people.

"All right," I replied, and it seemed that as soon as I said it the car was braking and people were jumping out. When Lady Bird and I got out, we were immediately surrounded by agents. Youngblood ordered us to follow them into the building, to stay close to them, and not to stop under any circumstances. We followed, almost at a trot. Our entrance into the hospital, I later learned, had started a rumour, which the Press circulated throughout the nation, that I was having a heart attack.

Our first specific information came from Emory Roberts, the agent in charge of the White House detail. He said that President Kennedy had been wounded by gunshot and that his condition was quite serious. He added that Governor Connally had also been injured. I was stunned. My President and leader... my confident and friend... both shot; both undergoing emergency treatment just yards from where I stood; both, for all I knew, dying. The day, which had begun so cheerfully, had turned into a nightmare.

The Secret Service now decided that we should leave the hospital and make plans to return to Washington immediately.

Agent Youngblood concurred. He said that no one knew whether the shooting was the work of one man or several men, or was part of a conspiracy to kill the top leadership of the country. "We

need to get back to Washington—the White House will be the safest place for you," he said.

I replied that it would be unthinkable for me to leave with President Kennedy's life hanging in the balance. And under any circumstances, the decision should be made by someone on the President's staff.

We waited—in silence, in confusion, in doubt, and in terrible agony—for news of the President and Governor Connally.

**WHAT DOES A MAN THINK** about at such a time? Looking back on it now, it is impossible for me to recreate the thoughts and emotions that surged through me during the 45 terrible, interminable minutes that we spent in Parkland Hospital. Everything had happened so fast, and all of us were completely unprepared for it. I suppose we were all in a state of shock.

The reports on the President's condition became more discouraging by the minute. Agent Emory Roberts came in and said the President would not make it. Then Kenneth O'Donnell, the President's appointments secretary, came in and said the President was in a "bad way." I knew how those words must have stuck in O'Donnell's throat.

My thoughts turned to Jacqueline Kennedy and Nellie Connally. They were both going through this heart-breaking experience alone. I asked Agent Youngblood if Mrs Johnson and I could walk down the corridor and try to see them. He shook his head emphatically, insisting that I was not to leave the room. He did say, however, that it would

be all right for Mrs Johnson to go. About 1.20 pm Ken O'Donnell informed us of the President's death. "He's gone," was all he said.

A few hours earlier I had been having breakfast with John Kennedy—alive, young, strong, and vigorous. I could not believe that he was dead. I was bewildered and distraught. Along with grief I felt anguish, compassion, and a deep concern for Mrs Kennedy and the children.

But despite our emotions, there were practical matters to attend to—and the most urgent matter, as far as the Secret Service was concerned, was getting me out of that hospital to a place where I could be better protected.

I asked what Mrs Kennedy wanted to do. O'Donnell replied that Mrs Kennedy would not leave the hospital without the President's body. He said that they were waiting for a casket. I could not desert Mrs Kennedy. In that situation, and emphatically said so. I told O'Donnell that I would not return to Washington until Mrs Kennedy was ready to go.

As we were speeding toward Love Field, Kilduff was making the following announcement at Parkland Hospital before the frantic reporters who had been covering the Presidential trip: "President John F. Kennedy died at approximately 1 pm Central Standard Time here in Dallas. He died of a gunshot wound in the brain. I have no other details."

The journey to Love Field took less than ten minutes, but those few minutes were as crucial as any I have ever spent. I knew from the moment President Kennedy died that I must assume the awesome responsibility of uniting the country and moving toward the goals that he had set for us. Like everyone else, I continued to be stunned. My President



Their last moments together: Johnson and Kennedy with Governor Connally appear at Fort Worth, Texas, before flying by separate planes to Dallas. A few hours later, Kennedy was dead and Johnson was President.

—the man with whom I had worked and had been proud to serve—had been killed, and killed in my own state. It was almost unbearable.

But I knew I could not allow the tide of grief to overwhelm me. The consequences of all my actions were too great for me to become immobilised now with emotion. I was a man in

trouble, in a world that is never more than minutes away from catastrophe.

I had not yet seen Mrs Kennedy. I wondered with what inadequate words I could try to console her.

I had a staff—and a government—that would be plunged in the depths of despair, and I had to mobilise both for action.

I had many decisions to make. No one was certain yet whether a widespread assassination plot might be involved.

Most of all I realised that, ready or not, new and immeasurable duties had been thrust upon me. I knew that not only the nation but the whole world would be anxiously following every move I made—watching, judging, weighing, balancing.

I was catapulted without preparation into the most difficult job any mortal man can hold. My duties would not wait a week, or a day, or even an hour.

I realised that the staff and Secret Service had been right in insisting that I go to Air Force One immediately. That plane is the closest thing to a travelling White House that man can devise. It affords the personnel, the security, and the communications equipment a President must have to do his job.

At first, Mrs Johnson and I were ushered into the private quarters of the plane, which contained a bedroom and bathroom for the use of the President and his family. I told one of the agents that we preferred that these quarters be held for Mrs Kennedy's use and we went forward to the crowded stateroom.

When I walked in, everyone stood up. I still recall the deep emotion I felt. It was at that moment that I realised nothing would ever be the same again. A wall—high, forbidding, historic—separated us now, a wall that derives from the Office of the Presidency of the United States. No one but my family would ever penetrate it, as long as I held the office. To old friends who had never called me anything but Lyndon, I would now be "Mr President."

It was a frightening, disturbing prospect. I instinctively reached for Lady Bird's hand for reassurance. The television was on. CBS commentator Walter Cronkite was discussing the terrible attack when a Dallas newscaster broke in with the first public announcement of President Kennedy's death. I knew I had to call Attorney-General Robert Kennedy immediately. I went back into the bedroom for a few minutes to use the phone because it was the only private place on the plane.

I knew how grief-stricken the President's brother must have been and I tried to say something that would comfort him. In spite of his shock and sorrow he discussed the practical problems at hand with dispatch. The Attorney General said that the oath of office should be administered immediately—before taking off for Washington—and that it could be administered by any judicial officer.

I then asked Judge Sarah Hughes, whom President Kennedy had appointed to the US District Court in Dallas, to administer the oath. Judge Hughes replied that she would be there in ten minutes.

**ABOUT 2.15 THE MOMENT** arrived against which I had been steeling myself—and dreading to the depths of my being. Mrs Kennedy was coming aboard with the President's body. Lady Bird and I went to the rear of the plane to meet her. I was shocked by the sight that confronted me. There stood that beautiful lady,

with her white gloves, her pink suit, and her stockings caked with her husband's blood. There was a dazed look in her eyes.

I do not remember much of the conversation. It was not really a conversation, just clumsy, aching words of condolence and some half-finished, choked sentences in reply. Nothing anybody can say under such circumstances is the right thing to say, because no words can ever ease the pain. Men are not very good at such things. It was Lady Bird who said the most and whose words were the most comforting, and Mrs Kennedy replied: "Oh, Lady Bird, we've always liked you both so much." She seemed to be trying to offer us words of strength.

We saw her to the bedroom and then left her alone. Privacy seemed the only kindness at such a time. The casket was brought up the ramp and placed in the rear of the plane. Special Assistants Larry O'Brien and Ken O'Donnell remained there, as if to stand guard over the fallen leader.

I tried to comfort them as best I could, and I asked them to stay on to serve another President. "I need you more than John Kennedy did," I told them. They were of course in no mood to discuss the future but I wanted them to know that they were on my mind and important to me. I knew that I did need them, but more than anything else I wanted to treat President Kennedy's people the way I would have expected him to treat mine.

The crowded stateroom was filling with more people. Members of the Kennedy staff, members of the Press, members of Congress, Secret Service agents squeezed into the small enclosure. The air conditioning still was not on and it was sweltering. Larry O'Brien went to look for a Bible, and he returned with a Catholic missal, unopened in its original box. I asked Larry O'Brien to find out if Mrs Kennedy wished to stand with us during the administration of the oath. A moment later she came out to join us—she standing on one side of me and Lady Bird on the other.

At approximately 2.40 pm Malcolm Kilduff held a dictating machine in front of us (a tape recorder was not available) and I repeated the oath of office after Judge Hughes: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, so help me God."

Within five minutes we were airborne, headed back to Washington. While in the air I called President Kennedy's mother, Mrs Rose Kennedy, in Massachusetts. I told her of our grief and our sorrow for her. And then she, as Jacqueline Kennedy had done a few minutes earlier, had the thoughtfulness to say something to strengthen me. "Thank you very much," she replied. "I know you loved Jack and he loved you."

I knew that I would be expected to say something when we touched down. The people would want to know there was leadership and purpose and continuity in their government. As far as the rest of the world was concerned,

there must be no sign of hesitancy or indecision. I worked on the statement, off and on as we flew toward Washington. I also sent for the military aide to the President, and to him that I would want to meet with three groups as soon as possible. First, I wanted to hold a Cabinet meeting. I realised then that most of the Cabinet members, including the Secretary of State, were on their way to Japan for conference. I gave orders for them to return immediately and was told that their plan had turned around as soon as word of the assassination had been received.

The second meeting I requested was with Secretary of Defence Robert McNamara and McGeorge Bundy. I felt national security meeting was essential at the earliest possible moment. Finally, I wanted a meeting with the bipartisan leadership of the Congress.

With this business out of the way, I returned to the rear of the plane and asked the members of the Kennedy staff if they would like to come up and join us. They thanked me, but declined. They wanted to share their grief together and to draw whatever strength they might from each other's company.

If there was friction aboard the plane, I was not aware of it, and neither was my staff. There was confusion and grief and uncertainty, God knows. It was not a pleasant trip for anyone.

We landed at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington about 6 pm Eastern Standard Time. There was a cluster of people waiting and watching as we pulled up to the parking ramp. There were bright glaring lights pouring out of the black night, a sign that television cameras were waiting to record our arrival.

As we pulled to a stop, a ramp was brought up to the front door and a forklift to the rear. Both doors were opened. I instructed my staff to wait, saying that none of us should leave until the casket was off and Mrs Kennedy had deplaned.

When the time came, Lady Bird and I walked down the ramp, with the blinding lights in our eyes and the cameras following us. I walked slowly up to the microphones and made the following statement: "This is a sad time for all people. We have suffered a loss that cannot be weighed. For me it is a deep personal tragedy. I know that the world shares the sorrow that Mrs Kennedy and her family bear. I will do my best. That is all I can do. I ask for your help—and God's."

As I walked to the helicopter, its long blades whirling with impatience, I recalled that someone had once remarked that the Presidency is the loneliest job in the world. But my thoughts kept going back to Mrs Kennedy, who at that moment was accompanying the body of her dead husband to Bethesda Naval Hospital, and I knew that my loneliness could not be compared with hers.

Then the door of the helicopter slammed shut behind me—and so ended a tragic chapter in American history.

★ ★ ★

**AT SEVERAL other points** in his book, President Johnson discusses the Kennedys—particularly his complex and ambivalent relations with Robert Kennedy. They were not, he frankly admits, as happy as his relations with John Kennedy. The following series of extracts begins with an explanation of the origins of the mistrust between himself and Robert Kennedy. The setting was the 1960 Democratic Convention in Los Angeles, which nominated John Kennedy as presidential candidate and Lyndon Johnson as his running mate.

Throughout the period between the 1956 convention and the 1960 convention, when my name was placed in nomination, I was aware, and gratefully so, of the growing interest in me expressed by people who approved of the way I was handling my job in the Senate. But I never encouraged any effort to promote me as a Presidential candidate.

My position had not changed when the political campaign season of 1960 came around. I still had no enthusiasm for running. Once again Sam Rayburn tried to force me into the race. He asked John Connally, then practising law in Texas, to come to Washington. In May, along with some other backers, they opened a "Johnson for President" office without my approval. As soon as I found out I had the office closed. But Mr Rayburn kept pressing me, and my response was always a flat "no." My objections were consistently

continued on next page

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# THE KENNEDYS AND ME

Continued from preceding page

same. I was satisfied with job, and a Southerner could and probably should not, select.

Initially, the Speaker pressed his argument this way: "If I did not win, he ought I could run a better case against John Kennedy for nomination than any of the other candidates, none of whom could command substantial Southern support."

If a strong contest were not made, he said, it would look as if the Catholic bosses behind Kennedy were running the Democratic Party. He went on the list—Caroline Davis in New York, David Wrence in Pennsylvania, Michael DiSalle in Ohio, Richard Daley in Chicago, Pat Brown in California.

Shortly after that, on June 11, Philip Graham, publisher of the Washington Post, privately made much the same argument for my candidacy.

So only six days before the convention opened on July 11, I reluctantly announced my candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. I was committed, I fought with all the energy I possessed. The night John Kennedy won a nomination, I sent him a telegram of congratulations.

Then I went to bed. The phone woke me about an hour after midnight. The caller was Speaker Rayburn. He told me he had heard that I was to be offered the Vice-presidential nomination, and he hoped that under no circumstances would I accept it.

I thought it was most unlikely that I would be offered the nomination, but I assured him that I had no intention of accepting it if it were offered. I went back to sleep. A few hours later the phone awakened me again. This time it was Jack Kennedy. He said he would like to come by and talk to me. I suggested that he come to see me instead, but he insisted that he would come to my room. He arrived about mid-morning. He said he had given a lot of thought to putting together a ticket that would win the election. He had thought it over carefully and had concluded that he wanted me on the ticket with him.

He told me frankly that he had also considered Senators Stuart Symington and Henry Jackson and Governor Orville Freeman of Minnesota, but that he did not believe any of them could assure support in the Southern states, which he thought was crucial. He was

sure I would attract such support, so he was asking me to be his Vice-presidential running mate.

I thanked him for his frankness and his consideration of me, but I told him that I was interested only in being the party's Majority Leader in the Senate. Anyway, I said, I had assured Speaker Rayburn that I would not take the second spot. Kennedy asked if I had any objection to his talking to Mr Rayburn.

"No, of course not," I said. He left then and went to Mr Rayburn's room. Soon afterward the Speaker came to see me. He had a recommendation which astonished me. He said he thought that I should go on the ticket with Kennedy. I pointed out to him that only a few hours earlier he had told me under no circumstances should I do that. Now he was asking just the opposite. Why?

I remember his words very clearly. "Because," he said, "I'm a damn sight wiser man this morning than I was last night." Kennedy had persuaded him that without me on the ticket he could not carry the South, perhaps not even one Southern state. That would guarantee the election to the Republicans.

Bobby Kennedy came to my room later that morning. He said he thought I ought to know that Walter Reuther and Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan were both very upset that John Kennedy had decided to put a Southerner on the ticket. I told Bobby that I appreciated his concern, but that his information did not greatly surprise me.

Later Bobby talked to Mr Rayburn and John Connally and told them he thought I should be made Democratic National Chairman. Mr Rayburn—as he later reported it to me—asked him: "Who speaks for the Kennedys?" When Bobby replied that it was Jack Kennedy, Rayburn made it clear that Jack Kennedy was the only one he would listen to.

Phil Graham got in touch with Jack Kennedy. Following Graham's visit, Senator Kennedy called me on the phone and told me he was going to make a statement to the Press that I was to be on the ticket with him. He asked me to make a similar announcement.

We both made our statements and that settled the matter—until that night. Then Mr Rayburn informed me that Walker Stone, a newspaperman and a personal friend of both the Speaker and myself, had just



April 1968: Johnson's last meeting with Bobby Kennedy in the White House Cabinet Room. With Kennedy is his aide, Ted Sorensen.

told him that a wild story was making the rounds to the effect that Mr Rayburn and I had threatened John Kennedy with defeat if he did not put me on the ticket. A number of people were convinced that Bobby had leaked the story to satisfy those to whom he had given assurance that I would not be selected.

Mr Rayburn told me he was going to nail this lie right away. He apparently did so with a single telephone call to the candidate. The newspapers the next morning carried Senator Kennedy's forceful denial that there was any truth to the story. Kennedy and I went on from that day to join forces, and campaign, and win.

★ ★ ★

MY RELATIONSHIP WITH Bobby Kennedy from the earliest hours of my Presidency—and before that, as far back as the 1960 campaign—had usually been cordial, though never overly warm. John Kennedy and I had achieved real friendship. I doubt if his younger brother and I would have arrived at genuine friendship if we had worked together for a lifetime. Too much has separated us—too much his

and me was later described in the Press as a bitter occasion. It was not. We had a frank discussion, but there was no unpleasantness. When the conversation ended, I walked to the door with him. He looked at me and smiled and said words to this effect: "Well, I'm sorry that you've reached this conclusion, because I think I could have been of help to you."

I said: "Well, I think you will be of help to us—and to yourself too."

★ ★ ★

ON JUNE 5, 1968, WHILE WE were still recovering from the shock of Dr King's assassination, Senator Robert Kennedy was shot and killed in Los Angeles. Another voice that spoke for America's poor and dispossessed was stifled for ever.

During the four and a half years of my Presidency I had never been able to establish a close relationship with Bobby Kennedy. It was not so much a question of issues; on most matters of national importance we had similar views. We even agreed on Vietnam for a long time. We did not come to any sort of parting of the ways on that question until 1966. Perhaps his political ambitions were part of the problem. Maybe it was just a matter of chemistry. I honestly do not know.

When tragedy struck him down, I was glad that my last meeting with Bobby Kennedy had been friendly. Senator Kennedy had asked to see me and I immediately arranged a meeting with him in the White House. Shortly after 10 am on April 3 he came into the Cabinet Room with his campaign aide Ted Sorensen.

As I walked into the Cabinet Room, I shook hands with Senator Kennedy. We sat down facing each other across the big Cabinet table. The following notes reflect the tenor of that session:

The President opened the meeting by referring to his speech of March 31, in which he announced the new initiative with respect to Vietnam and his intention not to run for re-election. He told Senator

Kennedy he had no desire to be a political boss or to determine the Senator's future.

The President said he had only one desire: to do the best he could for the country. He doubted that he and Senator Kennedy would be far apart if they sat at the same table.

Senator Kennedy: Your speech was magnificent. I regret we have not had closer contact. Will he be glad to try to help in minimising controversy and to keep in touch. Your position is unselfish and courageous and taken in the interest of the United States. Can I ask about the political situation? Where do I stand in the campaign? Are you opposed to my effort and will you marshal forces against me?

The President: I want to keep the Presidency out of this campaign. I'm not that pure, but I am that scared. The situation of the country is critical. I will try to run this office so as to have as much support and as few problems as possible. If I had thought I could get into the campaign and hold the country together, I would have run myself. If I campaign for someone else, it will defeat what I am trying to do.

My objective is to stay out of pre-convention politics. I have no plans to get into it. That might change at any time. I might have to disagree with you tomorrow. I might say who I'm going to vote for, but I do not plan to do so. I do not want to mislead you or deceive you.

Sorensen: Will people in your Administration be free to take part in pre-convention politics and support candidates?

The President: I will need to think about that.

Senator Kennedy: If you decide later on to take a position, can we talk to you prior to that?

The President: Yes, unless I lose my head and pop off. I will try to honour your request.

Senator Kennedy: I wanted to know, because if I should hear reports that you are doing so and so, I wanted to know whether to believe them.

The President: If I move, you'll know.

The President told Senator Kennedy that he held no enmity for him. He said frankly that he felt much closer to the Vice-President. The President spoke very eloquently and movingly of his reluctance to seek the Democratic nomination in 1960 and his reluctance to become Vice-President. He had rather be Majority Leader. That was the best job he ever had. He tried to find some way to avoid running in 1964, but could not. He never wanted to be President and had been counting the days to the end of his term ever since the beginning.

He had never thought of his Administration as just the Johnson Administration, but as a continuation of the Kennedy-Johnson Administration. It was carrying on a family matter. He had done his best as Vice-President to support President Kennedy. (Senator Kennedy agreed.)

Nevertheless, the President said, what he had done had not been good enough. Witness our current difficulties. (The President had spoken earlier of the disaffection of the young people, notwithstanding all that had been done in education; and the disaffection of the Negroes, notwithstanding all that had been done in civil rights.) The next man who sits in this chair will have to do better.

Senator Kennedy responded: You are a brave man and a dedicated man.

That was the last time I saw Senator Kennedy.

Extracted from *The Vietnam Point* by Lyndon Baines Johnson, to be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson on January 20, 1972.

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Eric Porter reviews a fine theatrical biography

## LAST OF THE GRANDEES

IF YOU usually enjoy reading biographies (or, indeed, autobiographies) of actors, too often they reduce to a repetitive pattern: places visited, parts played, days dug in, gossip, crises on- and off-stage, and the inevitable rise from rags to recognition, if not riches—a familiar theme capable of few variations.

There are, of course, those screamingly funny, but mainly apocryphal, stories that are told about so many of the theatrical giants; these have been so polished and passed from actor to actor that they are now timed to perfection and bear very little relation to the original event: ephemeral stuff, fit only for the Green Room and incomprehensible outside the narrow world between the Stage Door and the nearest pub. No, looked at objectively, most actors' lives are very dull in the telling.



Sir Donald Wolfit: one of his many faces

egocentricity was well known, as was his pomposity:

Sir Donald: "What are you writing down, Ros?"  
Lady Wolfit: "I'm just giving Eric our address in the country."  
Sir Donald: "There's no need. It's all in Who's Who."

And yet he was equally a man of generous impulse, of warm compassion. Even, occasionally, a complete disregard of dignity or position, resulting in a boyish kicking up of the heels. I vividly remember one children's matinee of "The Dream" at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, when, during the play scene, Sir Donald, as Bottom, possessed by some imp, began to improvise

so outrageously that not only was the audience convulsed but we, the actors, were forced to abandon all semblance of acting in the face of this spontaneous combustion. Not exactly professional, but in this case we were forgiven.

Remembering this, I was surprised that so little mention is made in the book of Donald's superb talent for comedy. His technique and timing were faultless. I would place his performance as Bottom alongside his Lear, The Taming of the Shrew, and his Hamlet.

What is important is that we have been given a picture of the subject "warts and all." Any member of the profession working in the theatre over the past forty-odd years can tell you what those warts were. Fortunately, Mr. Harwood does not attempt to excuse the warts, he explains them. He doesn't explain them away but, almost in spite of them, his book leaves us with a feeling of freshness and warmth towards the tip of the iceberg called insecurity?—but he did love Shakespeare—and he loved the theatre. The good is not always interred with the bad; sometimes the warts are buried with the bones and the good remains with us.

Mr. Harwood has, rightly, paid tribute to the lasting service Donald performed in taking the plays of Shakespeare to the provinces year after year, giving people an opportunity to see (possibly for the first time) not only Shakespeare, but other great works. He also provided a classical training ground for many actors who have since gone on to be eternally grateful to him. I am one of them.

Mr. Harwood has succeeded in placing Donald Wolfit in theatrical perspective, as an actor, and as an influence on the art and the public he served. We may know it would be done sooner or later; it has been done, and I believe, it has been well done. I think that Donald could well say, from the centre of whatever Elysian spotlight he may be standing in, "I wish no other herald, no other speaker of my living actions."

## Record choice

THE SUNDAY TIMES  
RECORD OF THE MONTH

COLIN TILNEY

● MOZART: Serenades and Divertimenti for Wind/Ensemble/Various Artists/Philips 6199 003. Box of 5 records £14.50. YOU HAVE till January 31 next year: then the price becomes £11.50. But it won't be the money saving alone that will delight you. Last year I found no praise strong enough for Edo de Waart's divertimenti; this album includes the three last serenades as well as K.375, K.388 and the so-called "Serenade for 19 Wind Instruments" (K.361)—in fact the thirteen- and-a-half-minute piece. This is greater music, but de Waart's approach remains equally apt. I doubt if we have ever heard these familiar masterpieces with such fresh ears.

ARTHUR JACOBS

● HANDEL: Orlando, Shaffari, Schaffari, Bagdad, Rindler/Vienna Volksoper/Simon & Schuster 3306. \$5. THE record companies generally have two ways to handle Handel operas—either to maltreat or to ignore them. Here, making a happy exception is a performance showing scrupulous regard both for the musical text and for the historical conventions of performance. At such a price for a three-record set, this would be the Handelian bargain of the season. It is not for Graciosa Scintilli's slack (and sometimes flat) singing. It is the less well-known singers who shine—in particular Carolee Bogarde, an enchanting, fresh-voiced shepherdess caught up in chivalrous adventure, to some of Handel's finest music.

PHILIP RADCLIFFE

● CHRISTMAS CONCERTOS. Corelli, Manfredini, Torelli, Locatelli/Berliner Philharmoniker/Karajan/DGG 2530 071. \$14.50. EVEN a hardened professional companion like a middle-aged orchestra fiddler enthused with me over this one: surely the acid test for any record. The choice is not just a matter of seasonal aptness. This early 18th-century church music has a hint of perfection. Perhaps surprisingly, Manfredini has a most beautiful opening, reminiscent of Handel's "Good Tidings," but pre-dating Messiah by twenty-five years. Corelli has sustained elegance and intelligent variety. His pupil, Locatelli, has almost the same quality. Torelli introduces the cello effectively in the earliest concerto grosso (1709).

J W LAMBERT

● SCHÖNBERG: WERKEN, BÜCHER: Under the West Wind/Schönberg/Philips 6199 003. Box of 5 records £14.50. NOT WITHOUT its pleasures, if chiefly a melancholy historical comment for addicts on the decline of the song. All three composers move from a languorous tonal impressionism, good for floating sadness, to the clichés of serial chopsticks, good for huffing and puffing—all too often in settings of miniature poems which ask the reverse. Only Webern escapes the pervading gloom, achieves an inner lift, and attempts the widest emotional range: though that's not saying much; but I cannot imagine a better advocate for these late, exhausted, increasingly fragmented echoes of a great art form than Fischer-Dieskau. Confidence in song may be restored by the business and glory recommended below.

★ A Schubert Evening/Lord Baker, Gerald Moore/HMV SLS 171. 2 records £3.70.

GILLIAN WIDDICOMBE

● MONTEVERDI: Madrigals/Orchestra/Leppard. Philips 6199 006. £5.15. A BEAUTIFUL bargain. Like all other seventeenth-century enthusiasts, Leppard has snipped single records from Monteverdi's madrigals over the years; but here, for the first time, we have the complete gathering of the late works, known as the Eighth and Ninth Books of Madrigals and the Scherzi Musicali. These 46 works make five tightly filled records, performed with attractive vocal variety, and lavishly accompanied by an excellent booklet. In the strict sense, these late works are not madrigals at all. They range from solo songs, humorous duets, and anguished solos to the one-act opera Il ballo delle Canzoni, the heroic cantata "Il combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda." In short, a collection of masterpieces.

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

● SCRIBARIN: Piano Music/Opus 814. 3-record set £5.40. JOHN OGDON'S good-natured eclecticism often embraces curious if not lost musical canons. This latest fruit of his industry and enthusiasm is a welcome and timely harbinger of Scriabin's centenary which falls next year. Sir sides fully representative of Russia's most eclectic composer range from the Chopinesque grace of the Prelude and Nocturne for left-hand to the mystic "Vers la flamme" and include all ten sonatas. The playing shows Ogdon's real involvement with the music as well as technique and stamina equal to its often taxing demands. Good piano sound. A notable set.

RUTH HALL

● THE VIRGILIANIS. Lionel Rogg, harpsichord and organ/RCA LSA 033. £1.49. THE richness of early English keyboard music has been obscured by over-performance of the same kindy hunts and spavined pavans. Rogg's selection here is refreshingly dissimilar, including "Pawles Wharf" and Byrd's variations on "John come kiss me now," as well as more familiar pieces like "La Volta" and "Tower Hill." Rogg is one of the few keyboardists to transfer successfully to harpsichord. His trenchant ornamentation and springy, non-nonsense rhythms are an admirable antidote to the music's surface ornateness.

THE QUALITY that marks out Robin Phillips from his rival directors is that his imagination, though original, is never in conflict with that of his author. It prolongs the line the author sets instead of going off at a tangent. The whispering of nuns and priests in his production of Ronald Millar's remarkable "Abelard and Heloise" strengthens the atmosphere of suspicion and scandal which surrounds the play's bizarre and moving passion.

Similarly in his presentation of Michael Meyer's fine translation of Strindberg's Miss Julie (RSC, The Place), the sensational and maleficently enchanted rape of the peasant girl in the play's interlude, and Miss Julie's rapt fascination with her underclothes after sex, are in strict accord with Strindberg's cruel emphasis on decadence and subjection in women. Unlike some directors, Mr. Phillips does not hypocritically pretend that his permissiveness is really the assertion of a moral precept. It is sufficient for him, and should be for us, that it reinforces the mood of the worthwhile play. His production is both intensely realistic and (in the scenes I have mentioned) powerfully symbolic; and it inspires Helen Mirren to a definitive performance as Miss Julie which shows quite frighteningly the increasing desire of a lovely and sensitive

## Definitive Miss Julie

THEATRE □ HAROLD HOBSON

girl to sink into the depths. Donald McCann plays the second part in the play in a secondary style; but Heather Canning gives an unusual and welcome strength to the servant.

I SAID LAST week that only one English actress is capable of playing properly the theatre of Marguerite Duras. No one who saw "The Square" or "Suzanna Andier" can have had any doubt as to which actress I meant. It was Eileen Atkins.

Suzanna Andier finished its run at Guildford eight days ago, and it would be disastrous if this were the end of it, and of Miss Atkins' incomparable performance. In England, Miss Atkins intuitively understands Mme Duras, which apparently no other English actress, even the most illustrious, does. Twice in Central London recent years there have been productions in English of plays by Mme Duras, and they showed that no one concerned with them had any notion whatsoever of their true value and meaning. This was in spite of the fact that one of them—"The Lovers of Viorene"—had already been seen

here in what should have been recognised as a revelatory performance by Madeleine Renaud. To anyone who, like myself, thinks that Mme Duras is the most arresting of contemporary French dramatists—her sympathy with the distressful human heart, combined with an unobtrusive comprehension of political activism, is unique—these things are a matter of great concern. Except for "The Square" we have hitherto, aesthetically speaking, treated Mme Duras shamefully. It is all the more important therefore that the transcendent merits of the Guildford "Suzanna Andier" should not be allowed to die, and it is to me a matter for rejoicing that when I saw the play for the second time the theatre was packed to the doors.

I also said last Sunday that there was only one director in England understanding enough to produce a play of Mme Duras. I was referring to Howard Sackler, who has directed "Suzanna Andier" with the most delicate rhythm. Mme Duras does not play the loud bassoon. To appreciate her calls for a keen enough, in Eliot's curio phrase, to hear the cry of the bat, to hear the cry of bats as distinct as, in this play, he hears the rustle of the interminable mist. To him, therefore, must be much of the credit for a memorable experience, whether or not you think of the flood of light which so joyously hursts upon the stage when the shutters of the villa; St Tropez are taken down; or the balance and calm of St Tropez. Lehor's very important performance as the house agent who briefs task it is to let the house to Suzanne Andier; or of the force of John Stride's distraught lover; or, above and beyond all else, of the aching modulation of Miss Atkins's voice, the forlorn wave of the hand with which she hides a visitor goodbye, the desolate carelessness of the rain coat that hangs from her despatching shoulders. After two grave misdirected charges, the bath for Mme Duras in London is only just beginning in earnest; and just beginning in earnest, it is Mr Sackler could be an invaluable ally.

I hope it will not seem churlish to say that, much as he has surprised me, he could do even more. It is no good to pretend that the plays or the novels of Mme Duras are of immediate access. Her assumptions are not ours, though she is too fine an artist to make their difference explicit. In France she is consulted about the production of her plays, in England not; and this is obviously unfortunate. Abandoning the nineteenth-century doctrine of the author's omniscience, she is Mme Duras' practice frequently to leave questions unclarified. No one, for example, will ever know who was in the car that, in "L'Après-midi de M. Andemas," roared up the hill towards where M. Andemas has been patiently waiting a whole day. Should therefore the insistence on wine in "Suzanna Andier," in Mme Duras's opinion, remain unclarified? What is the cause of Suzanne's weariness of heart: this air of a woman dragged, unresistably, for more than a few minutes by any of her friends, this incapacity to speak the truth? Are her husband's infidelities, if indeed he is unfaithful, of more or less moment than the actual circumstances in which they both so richly live? Mme Duras's ending to the play, being less determinate, seems to me more consonant with her style than that used at Guildford, fine though this is. Mr Sackler appears to close the play on the note of lovers united, and this really what Mme Duras intended?

However these things be, what we are left with, what is so poignant, is the vision of two men—one present, the other never seen, neither of immaculate character, at times desperately trying to bring a sad woman out of the mists in which she is wandering. This is something not to be lost. At the Open Space (Lunchtime) is John Grillo's George and Mollie Entertain a Member of the Opposite Sex to Dinner. It is a rum affair, heavily ironic, with one or two perceptible jokes, about chastity in marriage.

Andrew Crickshank, with Duncann Lamont as Lord Auchinlech, in William Douglas Home's new play, "The Douglas Affair," which opens at the Duke of York's on Thursday. Mr Crickshank plays a twentieth-century judge who finds himself involved in a complex legal tangle dating back 150 years and concerned with the legitimacy or otherwise of Mr Douglas Home's own ancestors. Clive Perry directs

A FEW YEARS ago, trying to interest the late Sir David Webster in a singer, I remarked that she had lately had a great success at Wexford. "Ah," said he with a weary smile, "but have you ever heard of a singer who hasn't had a success at Wexford?"

Behind this genial reply there lay the unspoken thought that the dear little handbox of a Theatre Royal across the water is a very different proposition from the august expanses of Covent Garden; also the hint that there is something in the air of Wexford, in the general good humour and soft Irish speech, not to mention the midnight potations of Guinness and Paddy, that can sway the coolest critical judgment. Returning, therefore, from another highly enjoyable Wexford Festival, I must take care not to exaggerate its merits.

At least I can begin with a genuine complaint. Many a time and oft have I begged the Wexford singers to moderate their volume, which can easily become deafening in some parts of the theatre. But the worst offenders have usually been Italian, and to ask an Italian tenor or soprano to full spout to ration his fortissimi is like asking the Niagara Falls to take it easy for a bit. Imagine my surprise, however, when the most car-piercing sounds that I can recall in this house came from the throat of an Irish soprano during the opening scene of Mozart's roccoco pastoral, Il re pastore.

Already, as Kenneth Montgomery was bustling the Radio Telefis Eireann Symphony Orchestra through the opening bars of the overture, I began to long for a gentler approach to the music: less brio, less bounce and dash, a quieter confidence in the simple value of the notes themselves. In the first aria Anne Fashley, who was shortly to show herself in the full splendour of the Metastasio shepherd-king, did not strike her best form at once: there were uncertainties of pitch, even an occasional squawk. But what really hurt, and made me feel like Strauss's Sir Morosus, was Elisa's first aria as sung by Norma Burrows. Miss Burrows is a singer whose talents I have often admired; but both here and in her aria at the start of Act 2 her upper notes (some of them, significantly, more than others) struck listeners in Row E of the Circle with a shattering impact. I shall be much interested to hear whether, in last night's broadcast, the doubt will prove as is quite likely to have been mainly local and to have vanished in the course of transmission. All the same, singers should be aware of what they are doing where and while they are doing it.

No more grumbles, for this Wexford "Re pastore" was an enchanting experience. It is K 208, the work of a 19-year-old who was already complete master of his craft, knowing just how to deploy the traditional operatic aria style and the elegant Metastasio text so as to provide a dozen melting or heroic arias, with a lovers' duet to end Act 1 and a long final duet to end Act 2, at one magical point during

## Irish airs

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

which ("resistere non sa") we suddenly find ourselves transported into the world and language of the "Idomeneo" quartet.

All this might have gone for little had not the producer, John Cox, tastefully seconded by the designs of Elizabeth Dalton, hit upon the perfect way of presenting a Salzburg piece d'occasion about whose first performance we know very little. We found ourselves in a handsome mirrored saloon, with a central dais containing Arcadian Dresden-china rustic properties, with footmen and maids to help change the clothes and props, and chairs along the sides upon which the singers could sit while disengaged. Arias were sung without embarrassment straight into the audience, cadenzas frankly relished.

This straightforward, visually charming, reconstruction of just such a style of staging as the piece may first have enjoyed, so far from emphasising its artificiality, drew us into the heart of Mozart's world and of his creative imagination. At the risk of repeating my experience with Sir David, I feel impelled to ask whether, after the Wexford "Re pastore," the Glyndebourne "Ariadne" and the Coliseum "Patience" and "L'heure espagnole," it is not time for Covent Garden, always searching for good native producers, to take note of Mr Cox's uncommon talents.

Mozart and Bizet are the two composers who, with more opportunity and a normal life-span, could have done most to enrich our too slender repertory of operatic masterpieces; and Wexford has also given us this year Bizet's early and now relatively rare Pêcheurs de Perles, with the same pair of principals as in last year's successful "Lakmé." As the priestess Léila, Christiane Eda-Pierre confirmed the good opinions formed of her last year, with her clear and forward production, sweet tone and shapely phrasing, she is probably the best French lyric soprano of the day. John Stewart is too stiff, too unseductive of voice, for the sinuous music of Nadir; but Marco Bakker made a strong Zurga (whom GBS couldn't resist calling Zenith). Under Guy Barriar, the chorus excelled themselves, and the Irish orchestra attempted a plausible French accent. Production and designs so-so.

The third opera (how on earth do they manage to stage three brand-new productions on three successive nights?) was the mature Puccini opera, La Rondine, a swallow that has never quite taken wing except at the Metropolitan, where it used to do rather well with Lucrezia Bori and Gigli as the lovers. Its faults are well known: conception in the shadowy world of operetta, followed by a not quite convincing transformation into an opera somewhere between "La Traviata" and "Die Fledermaus." Never-

theless, when all the objections have been tabulated, the piece deserves to be recognised as a charming light-weight echt Puccini, which will make its way if well enough cast and produced.

Anthony Besch, assisted by John Stoddard's stylish designs, did very well. I thought, with the fashionable and slightly raffish Paris milieu of the first act, though neither of them quite succeeded in the formidable task of transferring the Bal Bullier to the local stage, with the student

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## DEAR ANTOINE

by JEAN ANOUILH  
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THIS IS the posthumous sequel to Professor Starkie's earlier volume, 'Flaubert, the Making of the Master,' which has just been re-issued as a Pelican, and I strongly advise anyone who wishes to know Flaubert's career in full to spend 65p on the Pelican to mitigate the high cost of the sequel.

Taken together, although there is a little overlapping at the join, we have a treasure house of information about the greatest novelist between Balzac and Proust, the fertilising genius of writers like Conrad, Joyce, and Gide (who said 'Flaubert's letters were his "livre de chevet"') and ultimately Sartre. Bloom owes much to Joyce's favourite 'Bouvard and Pécuchet,' whose cataloguing for cataloguing's sake was their remedy for the cares of life, leading straight to the enumeration of doorhandles in the *nouveau roman*.

Flaubert wrote six major works (a seventh with his Correspondence), and they have had their ups and downs; yet all have been totally different in style and purpose and in the influence they have exerted. Madame Bovary remains a masterpiece impervious to time. Salammbô, greatly admired in the nineteenth century, is almost unreadable in spite of the now fashionable scenes of torture and mutilation. It has gained in probability but the ornate style repels.

The Temptation of Saint Anthony was a great success, but I would still call it unreadable in all three versions. 'Trois Contes' holds its own, if 'Un Coeur Simple' has become less credible, the 'St Julien' remains a most moving tour de force, and 'Hérodiade' dates as happily as Gustav Moreau.

There remain The Sentimental Education, Bouvard and Pécuchet, and the letters, now swollen to nine volumes, with more to come.

The Sentimental Education, Flaubert's favourite book, belittled by Henry James as 'dead' and by many thought the greatest novel of the nineteenth century, is written in a timeless style. I doubt if it would be possible to improve on the opening of the Epilogue (admired by Proust).

Il voyagea. Il connut la mélancolie des paquebots, les froids réveils sous la tente, le tournoiement des paquebots et des ruines, l'amerume des sympathies interrompues. Il revint. Il fréquenta le monde, et il eut d'autres amours encore. Mais le souvenir continuait du premier les lui rendit insipides. . . . One is reminded of Eugène O'Neill.

Nevertheless Henry James had a point: there is something dead about the novel. Frédéric Moreau (according to Dr Starkie the first anti-hero) is almost too ineffectual 'it was a mistake to propose to register in so mean a consciousness as that of such a hero, so large and so mixed a quantity of life as "L'Education Sentimentale" intends' (Henry James). 'Readers could not accept the general quality of greyness which pervaded the whole novel and its lack of purpose. Everyone fails, even the most ambitious' (Dr Starkie).

I am afraid there is worse than that. The one redeeming feature of Frédéric's aimless, drifting life, his frittering of money and passion till he ends up back in Nogent where he started, reduced to spiritual and material poverty, was meant to be his love for Madame Arnoux, the 'good woman' whose beauty reflected the overwhelming experience of Flaubert's teenage infatuation with Madame Schlessinger which

## The summit of achievement

FLAUBERT THE MASTER 1856-1880 by Enid Starkie/Weidenfeld & Nicolson £5 pp 390

CYRIL CONNOLLY



Flaubert in middle age photographed by Nadar

hegan on the beach at Trouville and lasted all his life. She personifies virtue, like any Victorian heroine, and Frédéric loses her through being unable to resist other temptations of desire and vanity, the blandishments of inferior women—Rosanette, Madame Dambreuse, who happen to be on the spot.

But the lively, amiable, hard-hollid cocotte, Rosanette and the coldly scheming woman of the

world, the political hostess, Mme Dambreuse, are far more interesting. There is something unconvincing about the 'grande passion,' perhaps because Madame Arnoux is less clearly drawn than the others.

In real life Flaubert didn't want to marry, he was 'wedded to literature,' also to his comfortable monastic life at Croisset where he was looked after by his mother. He had syphilis as well. Given all these impediments, to which one might add a considerable social success in Imperial circles involving rooms in Paris and a large expenditure on suits and gloves, the Grande Passion is really a form of religion, in which an image is worshipped at odd convenient moments. If Frédéric is futile, Madame Arnoux is a dummy, and this adds a suspicion of bumbung to the general episodic looseness of the structure.

The recent production of The Sentimental Education on television brought out some of the greatness as well as some flaws in the novel. Politically and socially it holds together, the salons, garrets, studios, barricades, the Impressionist landscapes are unforgettable; so is the giant turbot served at the party, the reusés dinner party, Frédéric's Wooster-like harangues and fades with his money.

Bouvard and Pécuchet, which is very hard reading indeed, does not stand or fall by being readable. Again, what

a magical beginning: 'Comme il faisait un chapeau de trente-trois degrés, le boulevard Bourbon se trouvait absolument désert.' Of all 'mots justes' sought and found by Flaubert the word 'Boulevard' so full of heat and unfashionable monotony, fit setting for his two supremely monotonous and unfashionable scriveners, his Laure and Hardy, must be the rightest.

The story is well-known: the two copyists meet and vow eternal friendship for each has written his name in his hat. A legacy to Bouvard enables them to retire and settle in the country to cultivate their minds. Their education proceeds by trial and disillusion: each chapter being devoted to a subject which they attack with enthusiasm only to be blocked by the difficulties and contradictions inherent in contemporary ignorance. One topic leads on to another: thus, on the verge of suicide, they watch the peasants walking through the snow to midnight mass, they attend it, find solace and almost conversion, then a 'historic doubt' set in. Finally they are expelled by the outraged community for their experiments in education and their subversive speeches. They get a double desk made and set up copying again. At first they copy anything, then they arrange all the silliest quotations under subjects, finally they come on the local doctor's report on them to the Prefect: 'A pair of harmless lunatics.' They copy that too.

Though the novel was unfinished, a plan survives in which an enormous second volume, a 'sottisier' dictionary of clichés, etc., was to precede the climax. This would have been unreadable and it is better to insert, as in

Queneau's edition, the short 'dictionary of clichés' as the penultimate chapter. Most of these are still applicable today for they spring from bourgeois timidity or smugness.

Railway stations. Gape with admiration; cite them as architectural wonders and the 'idées chics'.

Defence of Slavery, of Saint Bartholomew's Day (a 'vieux blague'), make fun of hallucinations, admiration of Stendhal, Raphael, No talent, Mirabeau, No talent—but his father (whom nobody has read) ob!

Dr Starkie died before this book was published. With her Baudelaire and Rimbaud it forms a trilogy, a monument to her total devotion to the French nineteenth century. I think there is some fatigue in this last volume and a few minor repetitions, but she gives an excellent overall account of Flaubert's dedicated life, so infinitely promising, so varied in achievement, so clouded at the last by poverty and death. He went bankrupt to save his niece who, according to Dr Starkie, wasn't worth the saving.

All Flaubert's other relationships are faithfully dealt with by her: his intense gift of friendship, his attraction for women, both respectable fellow craftsmen, royalties like Edouard Mathias and demi-mondaines like Jane de Tourbe. Only by one figure is she not impressed. From 1853-64 his horrible niece's English governess was one Juliet Herbert; and Dr Starkie quotes from Benjamin Bar's Flaubert (1967) that she was his mistress and spent passionate weeks in Paris with him in 1872 and 1874. These facts Dr Starkie does not believe are substantiated. Can anyone remember an ancestress, or relative of one, called Juliet Herbert who lived in London in 1870 and spent ten years with the Flaubert family? It might prove a last footnote to the patience and curiosity of this indomitable Dubliner.

## Brothers and strangers

NEW FICTION □ JOHN WHITLEY

Words by Gabriel Jospovic (Gollancz £1.60). Refreshingly astringent variant of the endless triangular theme: Louis and Helen live happily in the country, pestered only by Louis' mythical brother, but are almost split asunder by visit of an old flame, Jo, and her clamorous daughter on their way to America. The delicate ambiguities of the several situations are cleverly and sensitively etched in by a remarkable feat of technique which rigorously eschews non-concrete descriptions: all hangs on the dialogue with its inconclusiveness and its fallibility of interpretation.

The Wind in the Snootyobble Tree by Jack Trevor Story (Allison & Busby £1.25). Engaging romp with simple spy-men: young Marchmont, bored with his travel agency job after losing his driving licence, sends his clients on false assignments but finds the other side on his imaginary tracks, and plunges into a hotch-potch of sex, girls, lethal police and mixed-up jazz bands. In the end the Pope turns out to be Lucky Luciano so it's all in the Family. Flashes of high farce, a great deal of second-handness and illustrations by Ivan Ripley.

The Giver by Barry Cole (Methuen £2.50). Close reading of James Joyce and the Shorter Oxford have left ineradicable scars on a vague young man who inherits a house and shares it with a class tramp, Patrick, and a pregnant girl, the two men go off on robberies together in a green Bugatti and spend the profits on whisky. All is not what it seems, but what it is seems to be impenetrably concealed by a pleasantly jockey whimsy.

The Deathbringer by Manfred von Cotta, translated from the German by Eva Fages (Caldor and Boyars £2). Psychological study of a contemporary Viennese Jack the Ripper, in this case the owner of a lending library who, driven by self-righteousness, kills first a prostitute and then a client while being psycho-analysed by his GP. Extracts from his diary are commented on by a journalist with a semi-literate unctuousness which cannot be entirely the fault of the translation.

For example, the assumption that Zang's visit to Dr Krallack was a kind of appeal for help on the part of Zang's personality, subjugated by destructive drives, is decisive for the assessment of the responsibility with which Dr Krallack unexpectedly found himself confronted but is difficult to prove. Otherwise a few striking descriptive passages, a light and humorous pastiche of Kafka.

Onward Virgin Soldiers by Leslie Thomas (Michael Joseph £2). Dismissal ill-drilled sequel to 'The Virgin Soldiers'; now the National Servicemen are 'professionals' and John Briggs is a sergeant in Hong Kong with two Chinese mistresses, a dead deceitful wife and a cynical attitude to his military duties. How he emerges as the lovable defender of the unwashed other ranks and finds happiness with the wife of an American soldier in Vietnam is told in a mawkish tone relieved only by occasional doggerel: 'The small eggs of her breasts lay in the hairy nest of his chest.'

## SHORT REPORTS

The Innocents by Margery Sharp (Helmman £1.50). Elegant Cecilia, visiting Europe from States in 1939, deposits small amputated daughter with elderly spinster and only returns for her when war is over. Gently ironic story of two innocents in quiet East Anglian village, slightly avoids sentimentality.

The Big Chapel by Thomas Kilroy (Faber £2.25). Harrowing first novel based on Victorian clerical scandal in Kilkenny, deeply resonant of Ireland's contemporary tragedy. Radical Catholic priest provokes riots when he defends National Schools from religious oppression. The brutality of doctrinal intolerance are brilliantly represented.

Sunlight on Cold Water by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Joanna Kilmarin (Weidenfeld & Nicolson £1.75). Boredom and ennui as a woman escapes from nervous breakdown to recuperate with sister in Limoges. There is passionate affair with respectable married woman, revives him until she takes everything too seriously. Very much *à la mode*; instant empathy or ennui.

The Season of the Witch by James Lee Herlihy (W. H. Allen £2.10). Bewitching teeny-bopper and fuzzy draft dodger crash New York commune run by European psychiatrist. After meeting and nearly making love to Communist daddy, she returns home an older girl. Funnily, the book is a fitting scene by author of 'Midnight Cowboy'.

Prelude and Fugue for Lovers by Russell Braddon (Michael Joseph £1.75). Boyish Parisian salesman and courtier affair with English woman until reciprocal visits across the Channel nurture true love. But age difference, his unusual taste for older women and, curiously, a breast

tumour compel them to re-search their souls. Ooe for the ladies. Playground by Peter Buckman (Open Book Books £1.90). This first book under a new imprint is part novel, part game, part sermon, in telling how a group of working class boys leave their school for a short time. Mr Buckman stresses the fact that it's all a game. Political revolution is a social and erotic activity, no freedom to play yes, is his simplistic message, and he gives instructions suggesting that the book should be read aloud to an audience, and partly acted out by them as a game. The result is not very happy, either as script or as fiction.

Love in the Ruins by Walker Percy (Eyre & Spottiswoode £2.35). Love and hate, and the violence of political extremism, hedonism and violence: choked by abandoned cars and encroaching nature. When spiritual crisis meets the material, Thomas More's disolute descendants is stolen, racial war ensues. But 'normality' is available at a price in this elegant, ironic vision of the democratic future.

The Dice Man by Luke Rhinohart (Faber £2.50). Much vaunted satire of psychoanalysis and sex research. New York psychiatrist dice-thrower his career of social and erotic activity to avoid predictability, undermine mental health establishment and found aleatory lifestyle. Obsessively sexy, and sent-ups are overlong and more vivid than subtle.

Intensive Care by Janet Frame (W. H. Allen £2). Wounded soldier in Flanders, restored by love for nurse, dies when years later he witnesses her agonised death. After Third World War, under plastic trees and computerised government, antic child awaits extermination on eugenic grounds. Harrowing evocation of human misery, ood indictment of coldly logical solutions.

## Touch and go

Desmond Morris's new book *Intimate Behaviour* (Cape £1.95), which grew out of his massive research project on communication, is about how and why humans touch each other and what happens when we fail to do so. Perhaps because its subject is so personal, the book has produced strong—and very different—reactions. Simon Raven of the Spectator, was scornful: 'Why should anyone wish to tickle our sweaty palms or stroke our scurvy hair?' he asked, 'and why should Dr Morris get so knotted up about it all?' The Listener, on the other hand, thought it 'as good as *The Naked Ape*... he shows again his mastery of observation and description and one finds oneself carried along by a flow of exciting insights'. Arthur Koestler, in the Observer, was offended by what he deemed 'salacious pedantry' but Robert A. Hinde (Sunday Times) found it 'fascinating and entertaining'. In the Guardian, Alex Comfort pronounced that 'anyone who reads this book will start looking at human behaviour, including his own, with an ethological eye.'

Margery Fisher

The next Children's Bookshelf will take three pages of our Christmas supplement on December 5.

## CRIMINAL RECORDS EDMUND CRISPIN

Bonetrack by Dick Francis (Michael Joseph £1.75). Mr Francis' extraordinarily swift transition from first-class jockey to a thriller writer, sometimes makes one wonder if a good deal of practice scribbling didn't go on in the weighing room. The result, anyway, is a wonderfully literate, incisive prose style, here used mostly to describe the training of a difficult (because his father is a dotting manic gangster) apprentice-jockey in a Newmarket training stable. Though the thrills are less continuous than usual, the psychological interest, and the effortless practicality, are as telling as ever.

Nemesia by Agatha Christie (Collins £1.50). Nasty murder of teenage girl is investigated by Miss Marple—as shrewd as ever, and as she herself admits, 'an old pussy'—during coach tour of historic English houses and gardens. Identification of the murderer is quite the surprise, it might have been, but another surprise identification well upholds Dame Agatha's reputation for the ingeniously unexpected.

Deadly Hall by John Dickson Carr (Hamish Hamilton £1.75). The USA—specifically New Orleans in 1927. 'The American Mercury' bathtub gin. 'Hit the Deck.' A young writer not too unlike the young Dickson Carr returns from working in Paris to find himself involved in uncanny goings-on in an Elizabethan mansion transported, by magic, from England. Good plotting and atmosphere triumph over the too-frequent asides in the dialogue.

The Twenty-Fifth Hour by Mary Kelly (Macmillan £1.75). Narrator Aunt Leonie (in love with the cheek-planes and lip-lip-lip of chance-met Gareth, half her age) ranges intelligently through the elder-making part of France looking for her student niece Jane, who has become dangerously involved in the small-scale but fierce left-wing reaction to an equally small-scale, but equally fierce, OAS-style right-wing conspiracy. Mrs Kelly has here subdued her weakness for microminiaturised psychologising to an ampler, more humorous viewpoint; and the result is excellent.

He Who Whispers by John Dickson Carr (Hamish Hamilton £1.50). Reprint of one of the most brilliant—for readability, inventiveness and atmosphere—of all Mr Carr's books, with two apparently impossible situations superlatively cleverly explained. A masterpiece. The Black Mountain by Rex Stout (Hamish Hamilton £1.50). Reprint of pleasurable off-beat item from the canon, with Wolfe and Archie tracking the killer of New York restaurateur Marko Vukic through the wilds of Montenegro. Wolfe has endless trouble with his feet, but his Johnsonian magisteriality survives.

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## Jilly Cooper's view of Mrs Mary Whitehouse

### LOOK!

I AM CONVINCED that Mr Heath is Queen Victoria (although I haven't cast anyone as John Bre-o-n-y yet). Likewise I am sourly convinced that the Permissive Society is finished, and we are racing towards a new Victorian era. Table legs will soon be covered up, and the fornication detector van will be policing the streets flushing out people without sexual licence.

I am forced to this conclusion having just read Mary Whitehouse's autobiography *Who Does She Think She Is?* and although it's a good giggle—particularly when read out loud in a Scottish accent after several glasses—I think on fond it is a sinister and chilling book.

Mrs Whitehouse has become an Establishment darling. "As the dreadful tidal wave of filth mounts," writes Malcolm Muggeridge in the foreword, "but for her the total demolition of all Christian values in this country would have taken place without a word of public protest."

He sees her as some lady traffic warden standing four square on the Gaderene slope and shouting "No Entry" to the giggles as they hurtle towards her.

The reviews of her book have been incredibly gentle, ranging from approval to tolerant amusement—in fact she's become so grand that even the President of the US names his official residence after her.

But who is she anyway? This cosy granny—this Mild Green Fairy Lighthouse intent on cleaning up the media. Her book tells us that she was a keen girl guide, a whizz kid at maths, and then a school ma'am—who once [significantly] got out of 300 for biology.

She writes in *Old Girl's* Mag terms of her "hectic" youth when "scout dances introduced me to the social whirl of the twenties," and how "subjects like free love and communism were fearlessly discussed and practically discarded." How do you practically discard free love?

Later, as "senior mistress" at a large co-educational school, she became worried that her pupils were being corrupted by television. A teenage boy came up to her and pleaded:

"Will you please stop the girls teasing and tantalising us into deeper sexual relationships?" And she took him seriously.

She became co-founder of the Clean-Up TV Campaign which later grew into the National Viewers and Listeners Association.

What is particularly chilling is the apparent kick she and her team of monitors seem to get out of their indignation as they sit in their priories awaiting the affronted nudes and the possibility that Basil Brush might say "Bother" in family viewing time, poised to jam the wires to each other with cries of "filth" and "disgusting."

There is something slightly unnerving, too, in the way Fairy Lighthouse manages to get hold of scripts before programmes, go through them with a toothbrush, and demand their removal, but nevertheless is still prepared in turn on the programme to see if they've been cut out, ringing up afterwards to say how "soiled" she felt by the experience.

She has an almost pathological disgust of pornography, whatever that may be. Her trip to Denmark, for example, when World in Action asked her to go to the Sex Fair. At first she refused, then Malcolm Muggeridge said: "Destroy the Denmark myth, Mary."

Should I? I went to bed feeling overwhelmed by the responsibility and size of the undertaking.

But in the end she went on condition "that I wouldn't be taken in by the Danes."

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be taken anywhere near the Sex Fair and no shots would give the impression I was looking at pornography. How can you judge anything if you run away from it? At least Lord Longford went and saw all for himself.

Mrs Whitehouse is endlessly on the warpath about the BBC's sex education films: "The headmaster of a children's home in the South of England told me that he had found children getting into bed with one another to experiment in their innocence with the information they had been given."

Doesn't she realise a lot of children have always done this? They don't need a sex education film as a script.

She bangs on too about nudity on television, wanting to banish a programme of Spike Milligan's in which a "nude sat on a chair and seemed to have no obvious function except titillation and increased viewing figures." Presumably a lot of people enjoyed viewing the figure.

Or she writes of a friend who for "rather sad personal reasons" had never married and had never seen a naked man. She had watched the programme the previous evening and suddenly found herself coming and suddenly found on the screen in his living room.

"Such a person—like all of us," claims Mrs Whitehouse, "has a right to her privacy." Of course we do. No one is forcing this woman to watch nudes on television, all she has to do is turn her set off.

And surely Mrs Whitehouse is restricting my private freedom when she tries to get programmes like *TV's* and *Kill Death Us Do Part* taken off.

"We didn't want it taken off," she said of the latter. "We just said it was 'dirty, blasphemous' and full of bad language."

Surely that can't be the sort of programme she wants on.

One of the good things about the Sixties was that a great many people stopped feeling guilty about sex and started realising that sex feelings and desires they'd perfectly normal and common to other people. My main complaint about Mrs Whitehouse is she seems likely to re-create these feelings of guilt.

Malcolm Muggeridge says that what is funny cannot be objectionable. Mrs Whitehouse on the other hand seems to work on the premise that what she regards as objectionable, which is a great deal, cannot be seen as funny. I think her Scottish puritanism must have something to do with it. As Sir Evelyn Waugh said, "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scot's understanding."

But I think what gets one in the end is an impression of smugness. The way she points out, when she is called from America that she is "careful to emphasise, as always when talking to foreigners, the high quality of our programmes." Or:

"London Weekend on the phone for you, Mary," called my hostess. I was just leaving her Brighton home to speak at a meeting, but: "What can I do for you?"

"Would I go on the Frost Show? In principle yes, but who else is taking part? The programme is a list of very permissives."

And so it goes on. Perhaps I shouldn't get worked up about Mrs Whitehouse. As my mother said: "How can you take anyone seriously, darling, who wears flicked up spectacles?"

Even so I'm twitely over where she'll turn her beady censoring eyes next. Will it be Fleet Street or will she expurgate the walls of the public lavatories, where far "filthier" things can be read than ever graced the pages of a future where you can take a Whitehouse anywhere.

But soft, do I hear the phone trilling from the lounge? "It's the Devil for you, Jilly," cries my husband. "He wants you to go round and dirty-up the BBC."



Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper: "I consider myself just this side of scruffiness. I only have this suit on today because we're going out to lunch."

## His clothes and hers

Lady Alexandra, wife of Hugh Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. Talks of her way of dress.

WE MET the day my eldest son was born. At a lunch party in Dublin at the American Embassy. There was another gentleman there who would keep insisting I go fishing with him. Actually I was hardly in a state to do anything. The child was born three hours later, but I supposed then that it didn't really hurt. Hugh since has said that it actually was pretty obvious.

Hugh made no impression on me at all at that time or on subsequent meetings. The day I really remember was years later, after my third child—that was by my first marriage. He was staying at the home of my brother, who was with him at Christ Church. The daffodils were out and the Queen Mother of the Belgians had dropped in.

It was simply lovely. But I'd been skiing and had foot or knee in plaster. Hugh was extremely kind, especially sympathetic since he'd been in plaster himself before with a broken back, from a hunting accident.

A year later we were married. I've kept the dress. Rather tough. A Jacques Fath. My waist is the same now as it was then. I started dressing at Jacques Fath and Lanvin after the war, before that I was dressed by Schiaparelli and I must admit I wore most eccentric clothes.

Last night I sat next to Cecil Beaton at dinner. He's an old friend of mine and we spoke of some of my past dresses. I have the still. Last night I wore a favourite dress of mine, though it's not this year. Lord Snowdon has photographed me in it. It comes from Annacot.

I'll be wearing it again tomorrow night. We'll be in Paris by then. We're attending a large dinner party at the British Embassy. I'm taking with me my new mackintosh from Marks and Spencer. I buy all my underwear from there. Who doesn't? Simply marvellous.

But I prefer to buy my gloves in Paris. And hats. I adore hats. My husband likes them on me. But in Oxford I don't care to look too conspicuous. Though he says he'd love me to. He wouldn't mind at all.

I have a great interest in clothes. He pretends he doesn't bother, but he always asks my advice. He goes in for walking sticks. Another thing he likes a button-hole. Says it cheers him up. In summer he's always stealing the best of my rosehuds.

He has a great taste for ties, non-geometrical patterns, and always wears red socks in the evening. He's fond of yellow for daytime socks. His tailor is Halls in Oxford, very well known of course. He has a couple of country suits, some jackets, two velvet dinner ones, bottle green and maroon. He rather likes

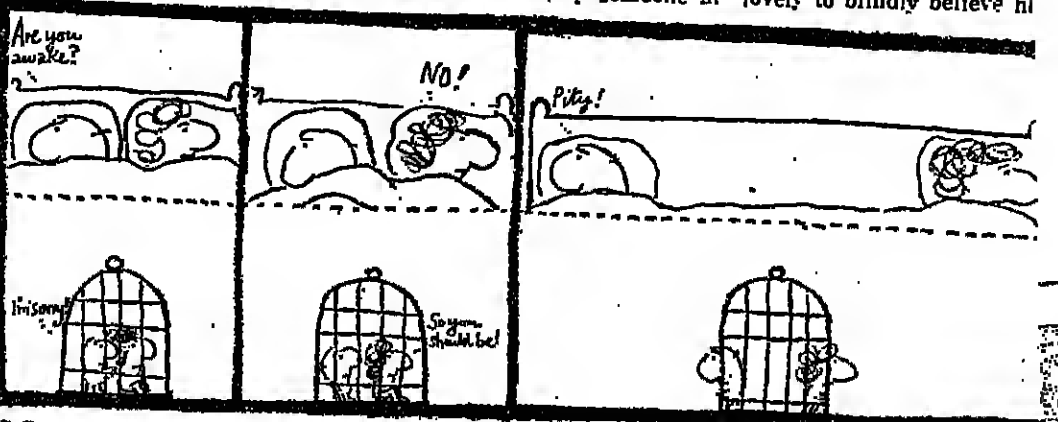


Lady Alexandra: "I lo, look elegant. This is my favourite dress from Ar Ardeo for my eyes, Gum lipsticks and Lanvin's perfume. I never have ti beauty treatments however don't need them my dear" always says. He's awfully of course, it would be slm lovely to blindly believe hi

weasel with red fox collar and cuffs from Elliston's in Oxford. Hugh gave half of it to me as a Christmas and birthday present, otherwise I would have felt just too guilty.

Canelle in the High Street here is an awfully good shop. I pass it about six times a day so I always know when they have something new in.

I always have my hair cut by M. René in London. I travel up especially. Hugh has his cut, he calls it corrected, by someone in



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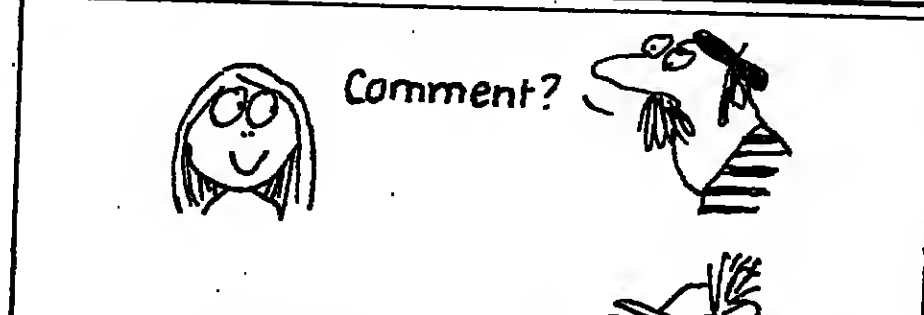
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# editor Allan Hall gives a pang-by-pang account of a week on a beauty farm

## LOOK!



steal a sprout from the first sprout field I've ever seen. It is powerfully to taste—how dreadfully overcooked the little fellows usually are. Chicken tonight—the most ambitious meal yet. The non-slimmers here are always saying the food is excellent and so it is. Another swim to ensure I don't go to bed with idle calories inside me.

**FRIDAY.** Passing-out day, so I'm attacking the exercises and treatments, saunas and swims with a desperate vigour to secure the best possible marks at this afternoon's weigh-in. Was bath to make me sweat, massage and facial. Disdain the lunch of poached egg on spinach that everybody is eating, but am pleased enough with my officially declared weight loss of 8lb, bringing me down to a not unreasonable 11st 8lb to tuck in to the grilled Dover sole for supper, with one glass of wine.

**SATURDAY.** Vague ideas of a fast day each week, also wondering exactly what reserves of will I shall have to employ in the coming week, which includes the Vintage Dinner, a tasting of the last 100 years' ports, a Jewish wedding and the three parties for our Great New Beaujolais Race contestants.

**CONCLUSION.** I wouldn't like to swear as to the pure scientific efficacy of the great variety of apparatus used here, but it is persuasive that taken together with the diet, exercise and massage they have been effective. Perhaps the single greatest advantage of Henlow Grange is the way the extensive programme of treatments staves off boredom. The virtue of the hatched pool, for exercise, pleasure and time-consuming is inestimable. The house is most comfortable and I must say that there never was a more amiable, competent and interested staff.

**THURSDAY.** Start with orange juice at 7.30 as usual, through the routine with enthusiasm. Thought I would have grapefruit for lunch but somehow drift into the fruit salad and yoghurt that everybody else is having. Assurances all round that I'm really being abstemious. A CO<sub>2</sub> bath (a hot box in which nose is bombarded with CO<sub>2</sub> to break down fat), another underwater jet massage, facial, and then a long walk during which I

Though seven days and seven nights  
Together make one week,  
Seven nights, quite on their own  
Do likewise, so to speak.  
**David Gibbons**

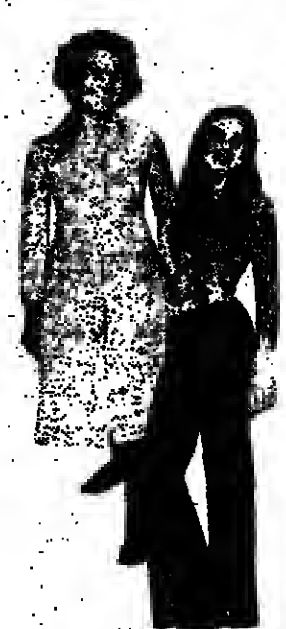
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## Joe & Franco ange key

CAN nearly always tell a Joe and Franco restaurant by way it looks. There is a kind of artless simplicity that belies skill with which it's done. On analysis, the magic formula seems to consist of white walls, sometimes arched, or stone, plain or coloured tablecloths and light that filters through blinds or rough curtains for all the world as if a sunlit piazza lay outside the door.

Mario and Franco's newest venture, in Halkin Arcade, SW1, and called The Club (it is indeed a club and membership is now closed) is in quite a different key. It is, to be true, exceedingly simple but the simplicity is very urban, very sophisticated. Nothing artless or rustic at all.

The architect is Antonio Malarasi of Rome and what he aimed at was a "warm and welcoming club, not a monumental decoration or a cold art gallery, but a place where people were the most important factor and where the design details served only to enhance them."

There is a distinct look of the 1930s about The Club, which the architect acknowledges, adding only that he hopes he has this as a point of departure and not as an end in itself. Though the space is quite small he has made it seem much bigger by using many devices like stepped mirrors outlining the areas of light and little alcoves off the main eating room. There is a stainless steel dance floor that can be screened off if required and another dancing area can be created by lifting a circular piece of carpet to reveal an ebony floor.

The colour scheme is very restrained—nothing but shades of brown varying from palest beige to dark chocolate. The walls are covered with felt in stripes starting from dark chocolate and getting gradually paler until the topmost stripe is cream. The



Quiet comfort in the main eating room of The Club

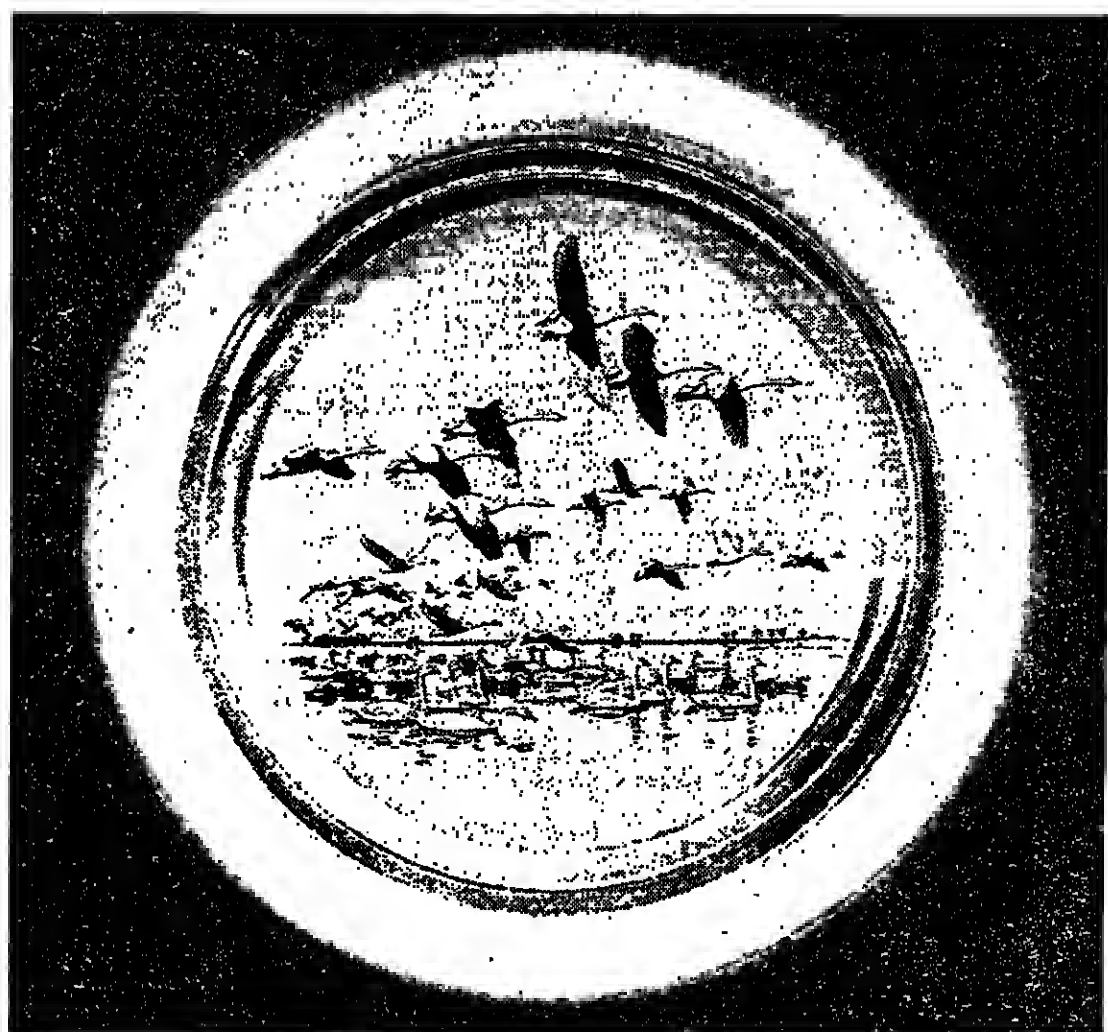
ceiling is covered with dark brown felt with lights set almost invisibly into it. Indeed the lighting is one of the cleverest aspects of the whole scheme. It seems to leak into the room from invisible sources.

The soft seats are covered in natural canvas. The tablecloths are a slightly darker beige and the single chairs are upholstered in dark brown leather and have thin tubular steel frames. In the

upstairs bar there are the amazingly beautiful black ebonised wood chairs by Vico Magistretti and the same colours and materials on walls, floors and seating as downstairs.

As you can see it is indeed simple—there is nothing flashy, nothing that obtrudes, an aura of quiet comfort pervades, leaving the people themselves to add the finishing touches.

—Lucia van der Post



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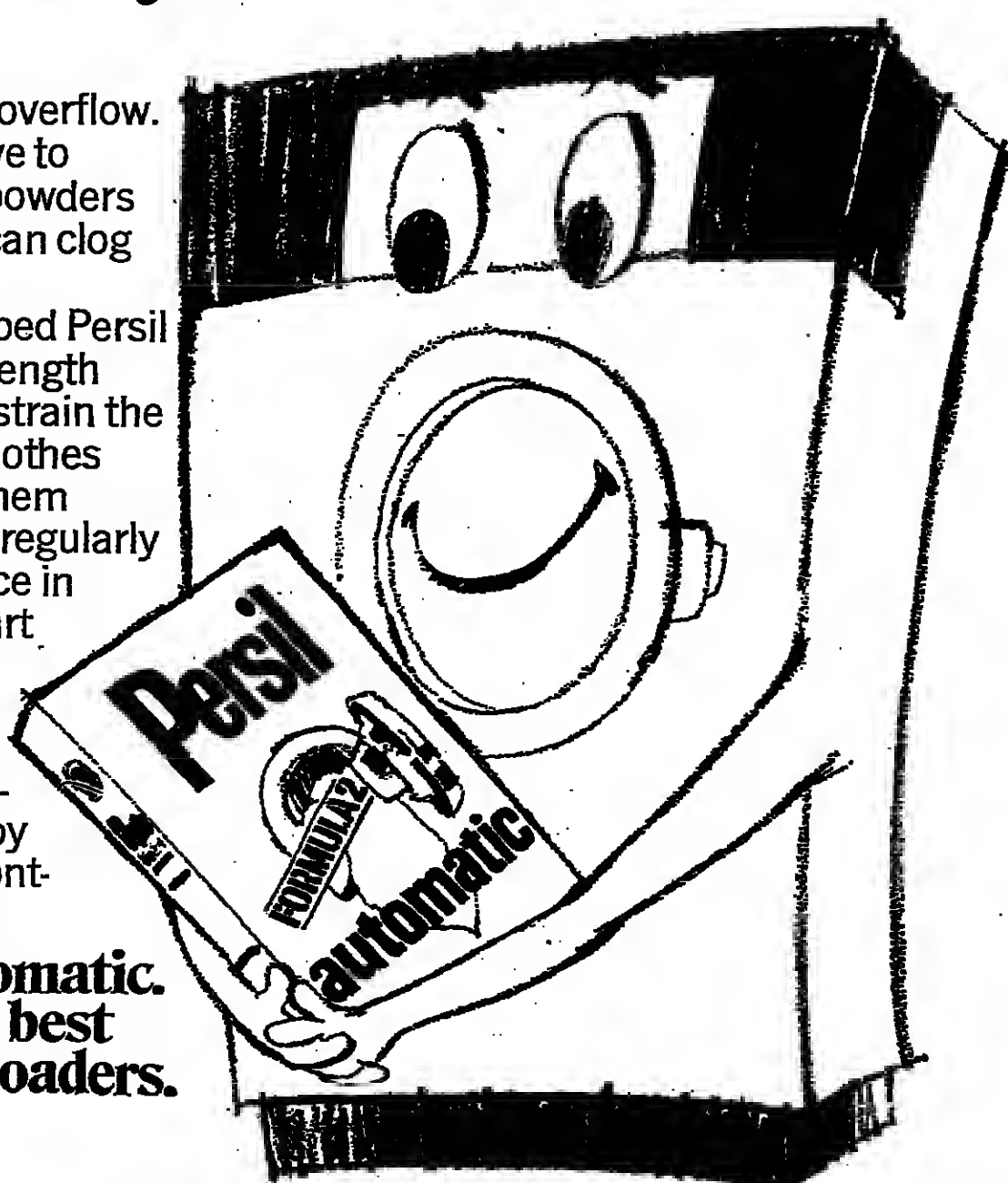
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### Know any good thrift tips?

I WAS a product of the Affluent Society. I was brought up in the Never Had It So Good age and could afford to spend five quid a week on clothes and still have enough to save. Just the sort that old colonels get waxed up about and make people who Never Had It So Bad during the war go quite green with bitter envy.

Most young kids had money in the Sixties. But now as a housewife who faces rising prices and what seems to be an impending depression, I'm faced with an amazing new discovery. Thrift. My life has become dominated by it. Ever since Best Whites sprang from 5p per lb to 6p per lb I realised that it was no longer a matter of popping into Biba's for the odd pair of boots before buying a fillet of beef and two bottles of wine for supper. My pendulum, like most other under-thirties who have never had to face Thrift before, has swung drastically in the opposite direction. I frown disapprovingly at the sight of children getting too many presents for Christmas, think vaguely that they should be able to have fun with an old cardboard box and a bit of string just like I did (n't).

I'm dominated by Thrift to the point where I will spend an afternoon walking to the cut-price drink shop (though, come to think of it, I drink myself is gradually getting crossed off my list these days). Anyone who comes round chez Ironside can jolly well get drunk on conversation if they're so keen.

I've started openly hoarding things with all the grasping desperation of a refugee, carefully saving envelopes to use again, tying pieces of string together to make into one long string, and using again and again the old-fashioned postman's frank. I heard old coffee jars (in which to keep my cheaply-made marmalade); I wash and dry polythene bags to use again and again; once extravagantly thrown away after wrapping a single leg of lamb, now continues time after time until it literally frizzes itself away.

When you're on the thrift kick the first thing that suffers is the cooking. Yes, I do make my own suet, meanly enough, out of the jackets of cheap kidneys. And now alcohol has been ruled out, everything's flavoured with herbs. Everything tastes ten times nicer than it used to, of course, now that everything's used and nothing's thrown away. And the biggest discovery of all through thrift has been soup, something

### Virginia Ironside

LOOK! will pay £2 each for the five best practical ideas for household economies sent in by readers. Entries on a postcard, please, by first post Thursday, and one suggestion only per reader. Postcards should be addressed to Thrift Tip, The Sunday Times, 12 Coley Street, London, WC9 9YT. Next Sunday, Caroline Conran will reveal how to make the most of meat.

### WOMAN'S ROLE

● WOMEN in a Glasgow lodging-house are being transferred temporarily to a disused school to make accommodation available for 200 men living in a lodging-house which is to be closed next month.—News report in the Glasgow Herald (sent to Look! by Mrs. Margaret Macnaught, Easter Compton, Stirling).

● LADIES—A Special Coupon for You. Some women think of

● "WHY IS Mother's Day celebrated more than Father's Day? It is like ignoring the architect and boning the builder." Denis Norden on My Word, Radio 4 (Miss H. A. McCarthy).

used to think came in tins and was swallowed while holding your nose when ill.

There are the old war-time gas-savers, too, like never wasting it by letting it flicker round the sides of the saucepan or allowing an oven to heat up without cramming every shelf with heat-able stuff so as not to waste the gas. (Then you leave the oven door open to heat the kitchen.)

As for the other necessities of life, I've taken to sides-to-middle sheets, making my own clothes, converting old miniskirts into hotpants. I've got a nifty trick about laddered tights which involves snipping off the laddered leg near the thigh and then wearing it with another one-legged leftover. As for washing clothes, forget the "dry-clean sign. Most things can be washed if you're careful, and you do save on crippling dry-cleaning bills. And talking of washing clothes, I've suddenly come round to the soda ash and white soap method. Cleaner, easier, and (of course) cheaper.

I've taken to turning bottles of deodorant upside-down overnight so that the last drop can fall to the nozzle; I scrape at the good third of lipstick that's always left when it's down to its last legs with a hairpin (one totally worn-down lipstick lasted another three months on that basis alone); I make presents, Christmas and birthday cards for people rather than buy them. Women always loved a bargain. Now with impending rising prices the only comfort for us is to make the most of it and have a bit of fun. Soon the horrible realities will doubtless be upon us and we'll be longing for double cream again (which, incidentally, can be achieved by buying single and leaving it a few days in a not too frosty fridge. Just thought I'd mention it).

I know I'm only just beginning to start on a series of economies that most older women have been carrying out for years. But there is a generation that's forgotten the thrift tips of the post-war years and could do with some help.

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The Instant Cellar: a mixture of wines for everyday drinking and special occasions

### New Beaujolais Race winners

FROM A LARGE and positively poetic entry, we have selected the 100 winners of the first leg of The Sunday Times Great New Beaujolais Race. It was quite a tricky first line we set for the limerick: There was a young man from Beaujolais . . . However, the inventiveness of readers exceeded all expectations.

We specially enjoyed: There was a young man from Beaujolais Who planted a vine in the forest He said "It's no use For I can't get the juice From a vine in the forest, sans soleil."

There was a young man from Beaujolais Who in restaurants was given to folly Who sat with Fleurie His speech became slurry And he sped round the room on a trolley.

(M. O. C. Wauchope, London, SW1) There was a young man from Beaujolais Whose passion for wine, hic, oh golly Was of such an extent He, I'm sorry I meant, I've forgotten the lines, hic I'm sorry.

Badcock, Stanmore) The authors and the other winners are being invited to one of the series of wine-tastings we are holding in Hatch, Mansfield's ancient cellars in Pall Mall. There the outright winner will be chosen after a variety of competitive tastings—first selecting Beaujolais from a number of wines, then identifying individual wines of Beaujolais and their vintages. Hatch, Mansfield, who are sponsoring the Great New Beaujolais Race, will be rewarding each of the 100 entrants invited to the tastings with a bottle of Beaujolais (obviously not the 1971), but for the outright winner there are many excitements.

This year the French Government has decreed that the Beaujolais Nouveau may be sold from midnight November 14 (it continues to be Beaujolais Nouveau until February, when it becomes known as Vin de l'Année). On Friday, November 12, our winner will be flown to Beaujolais in Hatch, Mansfield's private plane and a dinner is being given in his honour by the French wine firm of Nicolas.

The following day—the Eve of the Declaration of the Wine—our winner will be shown round the area, see how the wine is produced and be entertained to lunch. After dinner in the evening, he will be taken to the Nicolas cellars at Macon to taste the wine which in 24 hours will become the 1971 Beaujolais Nouveau.

It is quite an event; the whole of Beaujolais is busy at this time, loading lorries to race the new wine to the leading towns of France. There is always a lot of competition in Paris to be the first to have the new wine on sale, and indeed some of this competition has spread to London in the last few years, chiefly because of the enthusiasm for Beaujolais Nouveau of Ralph Mansfield, managing director of Hatch.

There will be, no doubt, a variety of British wine-drinkers

## LOOK!

### A selection unlike any other

EVERY OF BRISTOL are unlike any other wine merchant—and so is the selection I have drawn from them for the seventh Instant Cellar. Because supplies of single vineyard fine wines are not limitless and because demand for the Cellars taxes even a great merchant, I've selected three pairs of wines for everyday, general purpose or buffet party drinking, plus six single bottles for special occasion dinners, either one or two at a time or in combination with the other wines as a progression of three or four.

Avery's are known for their great classic wines and here are four superb Burgundies, including two whites which American demand will price out of the reach of most of us in the near future. There are three daret, which should please readers who share my love for red Bordeaux, and a very fine Australian white wine of unusual but stylish character, and Avery's own Champagne for anytime drinking.

Instant Cellar No. 7 comprises: Two bottles of McWilliam's Private Bin 56, a fragrant, fruity, dry and crisp white Australian wine, which won the approval of the classically-trained palates of the Averys. For aperitif, first course or supper drinking. Two of Cotes de Fronsac: a red wine from a good but little known

Bordeaux region, excellent for everyday drinking or as the first claret at a dinner, or with winter casseroles, as well as roasts and grills. Avery's were the first English firm to ship the wine of Fronsac.

Two of Bel-Air Rouge: a "new" claret made for the claret-lover who wants a wine to quaff—supple and smooth. This won the approval of the producer, who made the Lexia. It's an all-purpose red wine, admirable for parties, and made by the firm of Sichel, who are both shippers and Medoc proprietors and built for it the first vinification centre in the Gironde.

One bottle of Avery's Special Cuvée Champagne: B.O.B. stands for Buyer's Own Brand and this is a fine one. Quite apart from wanting Champagne as a party or aperitif drink, there can be few people who, during the often dreary strenuousness of November, don't actually need it as the world's supreme tonic.

One each of Pouilly Fuisse Grand Reserve 1968 and Pouilly Vinzelles 1970: "Pouilly Fussy" has become smart drinking in the US, which means that prices are soaring. These two show how very good what is often thought of as only a medium white wine can be. They make a fascinating pair if you serve both at a white wine dinner, and either could be a first course wine.

One of Meurault Charmes 1967: white Burgundy at its best is considered by many people to be the most versatile fine white wine in the world, as it can be served with shellfish, fish and many meat dishes, too. This is the sort of wine—the two Pouillys—which requires experience to find, shrewdness to buy on the spot, and skill to handle and bottle, for there is never enough to meet demand.

One of Chateau Grange 1966: this bourgeois St Emilion is beginning to be at its best now. It is fruity, full-bodied, easy to like by the beginner and a pleasure to the experienced.

One of Santenay les Gravelles 1968: Ronald Avery didn't want me to include this red Burgundy. "Much too young!" But it's a fine example of true, stylish Burgundy, with a profundity of character, elegance of bouquet and length which will surprise and delight, even if you feel you must drink it now. Supplies of older vintages are declining sharply—all the more reason for buying wines like this and putting them away if possible.

An Avery maxim for anyone planning a dinner with these wines: if you serve Champagne first, have a "blotting-paper" course between it and the next wine, because, as the merchant rightly says, "Champagne will kill the finest white Burgundy if it comes immediately before it."

This case of wine would cost £12.57 if you bought it in the ordinary way, but for this cellar the price is £11.10 delivered, and will my own tasting notes and comments. Cheques should be sent to: Avery's of Bristol, Park Street Viaduct, Bristol, BS1 5BG. Wines cannot be changed, nor can correspondence be entered into about the offer.)

Pamela Vandyke Price

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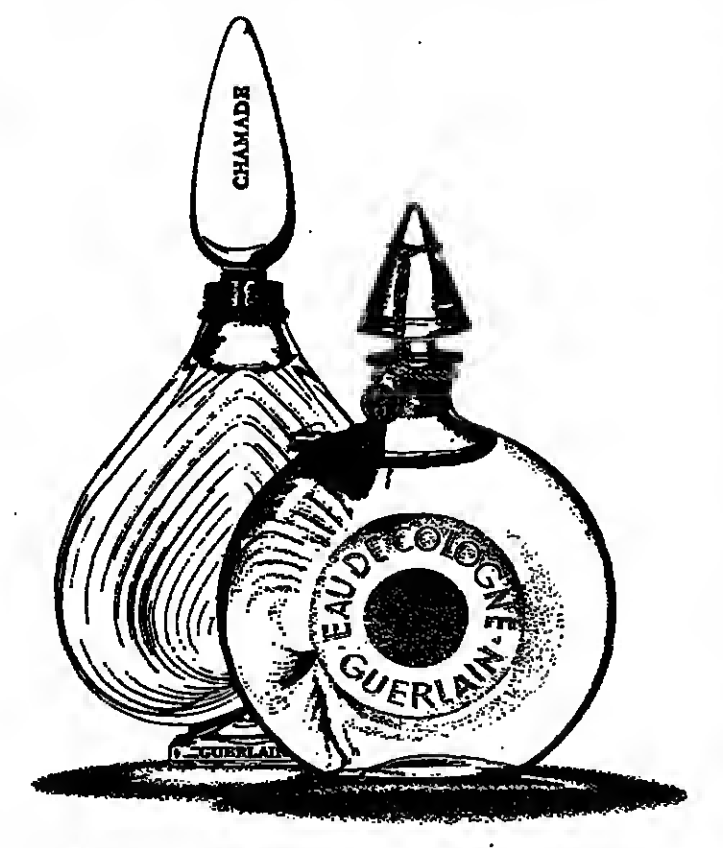
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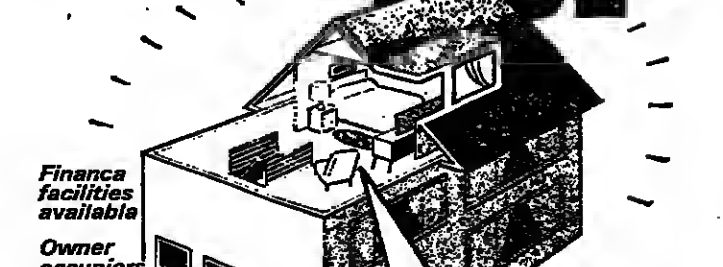


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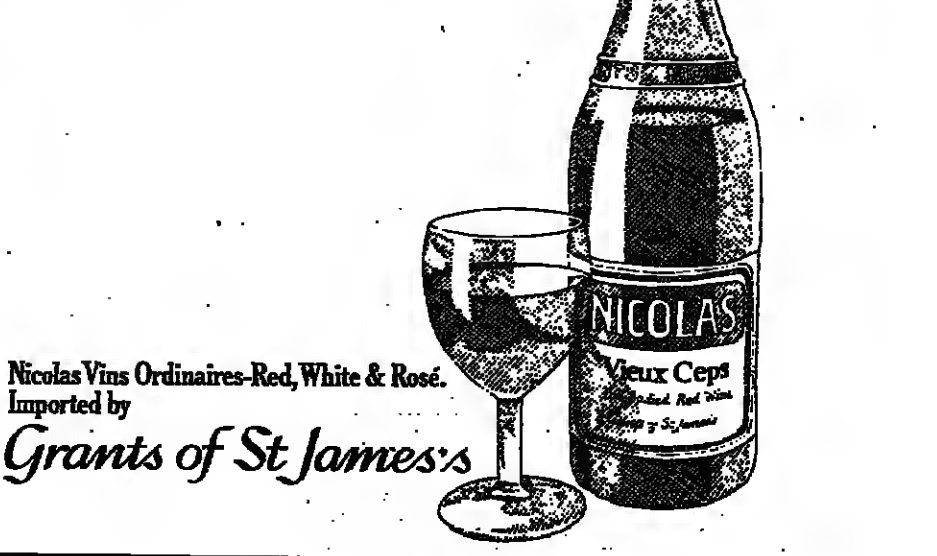
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MY FASHION

PRETTY a PORTER

by Ernestine Carter

THE SECOND WEEK of the French Pret à Porter showings, containing two important firsts — Yves Laurent's first ready-to-wear collection since he had his withdrawal from the fashion world, and Jean Muir's first to the French ready-to-wear collection almost as powerful as the collections of the past.

With the aid of the International Ready-to-wear Association at the Porte de la Chapelle, 19,000 feet of 755 exhibitors combed the streets of Paris, without the two stars, who would have been heavily featured in this market, and the clothes we saw are the ones you'll see in stores like Liberty, Debenhams & Co., in shops like Escalade, me Phillips, Browns, 151, Nora Bradley.

French Pret à Porter itself, like all Gaul, into parts: couture ready-to-wear (the ready-to-wear lines of established couture houses) mostly showed in their first week, although including Cardo for the time, also showed at the designer ready-to-wear showed the second week and mass market manufacturers showed only at the Salon. where, in between, come the and the Côte d'Azur.

is the designer ready-to-wear, led by Emmanuelle Khanh, la Rykiel, Karl Lagerfeld for oe, Daniel Hechter, Cacharel, ueline Jacobson for Dorothee Kenzo for Jap who focused id fashion eyes on the French e. They did for France what o Muir, John Bates at Jean on, Foale & Tuffin, Zandra des, Thea Porter, Bill Gibb, bara Hulanicki for Biba did England.

leadership varies. In the mass ket, it is Saint Laurent who ns to have the most influence; the designer group it is clearly he main ovoid is still the ties. At Cacharel, they played or Two and the whole of d Astaire to prove it, while e Saint Laurent ran the gamut Giger Rogers dresses from ishly ruffled, bare midriffed y-suits and back-baring halter ks to surpluses or off-the- ulder tops above Carmen anda skirts.

he press showing of the Saint rent collection was identical ne of his couture showings, magnificent flower arrange- ts were the same, if any- igger and better, the Press e in their usual seats includ- the jetting editors of Ameri- Vogue and American Harpers e. The friends of the house- imed the foyer anticipating r applause cards, the cele- les were on tap, led by aso's daughter, Paloma, ber ulantly tinted face looking as

if it had been painted by her father.

Everybody loved everything—the enormously wide trousers, the white duck sailor suits, the cardigans over cardigans (the top one long and shapeless, the under one skinny and sleeveless), the desert khakis, the gingham checked turtlets, the lot.

Once you accept the fact that pants are forever, the anytime look is great. As for the rest, Saint Laurent seems to have hit a formula. Find a period that will touch sentimental chords in the older women, seem new to the young. That leaves only a small hard core squeaking plain-ly that reminiscence is not fashion. And these won't affect the sales in 39 Rive Gauche shops (three for men) all over the world.

Due to a technical hitch, I missed Jean Muir's actual open- ing, but my eye in Paris report- ers were weary at the warmth of applause. Miss Muir for Mendes showed only 23 garments, mostly in matte jersey, utterly simple, relying only on her fantastic cut, top hugging, then flaring, drop- ping, floating—always moving. These will also be in his own collection which she will show to buyers tomorrow.

There are more trousers than there are legs to wear them, widest at Saint Laurent, baggiest at Harry Lehr, shortest (mid- calf) at Hechter and Emmanuelle Khanh, turned up in a deck-swab- bing roll at Cacharel.

Skirts mount from below the knee at Saint Laurent, on the knee at Tiktiner, to the miniskis at Cacharel, Chloé, and Milmac, while shorts have cooled from hot pants to Bermudas.

Sleeves are kimono, batwing, dolman or raglan, balloon, short and puffed, cap or cape. The only tight ones are at Sonia Rykiel, sticking out from under rolled up cardigan sleeves.

Fabrics are cotton, cotton voile, seersucker, fine lawn, silks and then more cotton.

Hechter's suits are as demure as school uniforms; Cacharel's little dresses as naive as gym slips. With the yards of white lawn finely piped in pale colours, the tiny flower prints, the ging- ham checks, the ruffles, the middy collars everywhere, it was like wandering through the baby department at Harrods. Chloé's strong and varied collection, Lan- via's brilliant prints by Bernard de Vaux and Tiktiner's tidy shirt- waisters were mercifully adult.

Jap, who set the pace for the baby dresses (which he shows with trousers), the pale colours, the delicate prints, the kimono sleeves, stays with pale colours, has invented newer, stranger sleeves. He "detests synthetics" has designed his own cottons "with tactile differences"—in light lawn or heavy canvas. He has designed his own prints, too, bold tigers and eagles, and a blurred rainbow of orange, pink, pale green and blue.

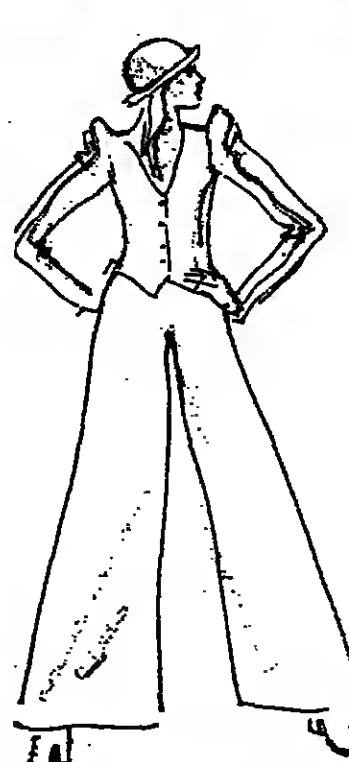
Ungaro, as usual, was a dazzle of prints by Sooja Knapp—im- possible to describe, exhilarating to see. His raincoats are stud- fastened, his coats simple and straight, his cream rough lined shirtwaister banded in woven red stripes divine. Like everyone, he showed short battle-jackets. Not like everyone, he is utterly and completely contemporary.

Dorothee Bis, who will be exclusive to Browns, varies her short batwing sleeved sweaters with longer knitted smocks swung from a gathered neck. Like Cacharel and Saint Laurent, she likes slip tops, the shoulder straps tied at the top, favours a patriotic red, white and blue.

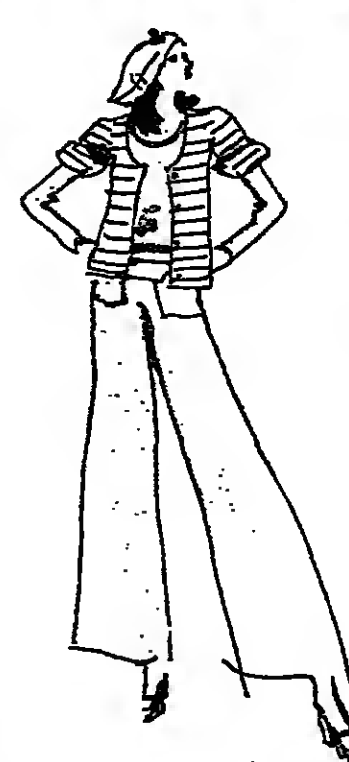
In Paris full of red flags flying the hammer and sickle, a touch of tricolour was welcome.



UNGARO R-T-W:



JAP: the high rise sleeveless top, white canvas; the high built wide pants, white cane straw bouter. (At Escalade from Morch; hat of Brogna.)



RYKIEL: the sleeveless top, blue and white striped cardigan, over a blue shiny sweater, matching pants. Crochet beret.



JEAN MUIR: the strap- on cardigan in grey flannel, matching turn-ups on trousers and coat.



SAINT LAURENT: shirt jacket (in rust cotton) and baggiest pants (dark brown); beneath, a striped knitted vest; brown cotton hat. (At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche from February.)



JAP: the deep sleeve in cream rough cotton striped in pale blue. (At Escalade from Morch.)



CHLOE: the barebacked mini in black chiffon. (Clothes by Chloé will be at Harrods, Fortnum & Mason, Browns and Boston-151.)



JEAN MUIR: the cape sleeve and double skirt in dark navy matte jersey.



SAINT LAURENT: the surplice top, the flounce- banded skirt in grey cotton patterned in green; wide-brimmed straw hat.

Drawings by Mouchy



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